HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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PUBLISHERS' CARD.

MR. THACKERAY'S new Story, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous illustrations by the author, was commenced in the DECEMBER number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of $2000.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun, and, falsely asserting that they reprint from a London edition,

☞ CONTINUE ☜

TO COPY THIS STORY FROM OUR MAGAZINE into their paper, *though without the author's admirable illustrations*. The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the copyright law.

THE HONORABLE EDWARD EVERETT.

NEITHER foreigners nor natives—so far as we have seen—have ever remarked that one of the most striking characteristics of eminent Americans is their aptitude for oratory. Public speaking has grown to be so common an accomplishment, that there are but few citizens of the United States who are not prepared to deliver an impromptu stump speech on some topic of general interest. With us, grocers, mechanics, editors, lawyers, physicians, are always prepared, as a general thing, to harangue. The reverse is the rule abroad; in France and England the men who can speak in public are counted on the fingers.

In itself the art of speaking fluently in public is nothing; it does not imply profundity of thought, and, except in few cases, is no indication of the gift of eloquence. It is an accident proceeding from our system of self-government. But it is natural that, where all can speak, many should speak well; and, further, that of these many some few should be excellent orators. There may seem to be vain boasting in the remark that the United States probably contains more masters of eloquence than any other country in the world; but there is reason to suppose that such is the case.

Of all our orators, the foremost, by general consent, is EDWARD EVERETT. He is the "golden-mouthed orator" whom young aspirants to fame strive to imitate. He is the type of the finished and perfect rhetorician. He was a famous speaker when the present generation lay puling in the cradle. He has made oratory the business and end of his life. For forty years he has been a laborious student, accumulating facts, principles, and doctrines. For forty years he has made learning and oratory the business of his life; dipping into political life by the way just to borrow from it whatever it had at the service of his peculiar aim, and relinquishing it when he had sucked it dry. It is natural that he should be at the present time the most perfect orator not only of the United States, but perhaps of the world.

His life has been remarkably serene, and happily contrived for his favorite pursuits. Born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1794, the son of a New England clergyman, he was educated with the care which such a father was likely to bestow on his son. So precocious was he, that at thirteen he matriculated at Harvard, and graduated with honors four years later. His aptitude as a linguist was so notorious that the ruling powers of Harvard College kept their eye on him; and soon after he left the University, before he was twenty-one, he was offered the professorship of Greek, with the condition that, if he accepted it, he must spend some years in European travel in order to fit himself for his duties. How few young men at the present day have such offers extended to them! And how far-sighted was Harvard in this remarkable liberality to young Everett!

The years 1815 and 1816 were spent at the great seat of classical learning in Germany, Göttingen. Paris was exhausted in the winter of 1817–'18. The spring and summer of 1818 were devoted to a closer analysis of the fruits of Oxford and Cambridge learning, and to delightful recreation in the society of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Lord Jeffrey, Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir Samuel Romilly, and others of equal merit; the autumn and winter were given to a thorough exploration of Italy and Greece. Let us pause a moment to dwell upon the completeness of this training. What man, having graduated at Harvard, spending afterward four years in the society of the ablest men of France, Germany, and England, and in the elaborate study of the great monuments of learning which generations have erected in Europe, could fail to make his mark when he came home? How few at the present day enjoy such advantages! Young men in our time are in such a hurry to commence the actual business of life, that they are impatient of every thing which adds to their apprenticeship. How few, too, will reach the eminence on which Edward Everett stands!

It was in 1819 that Mr. Everett entered upon the discharge of his duties as Professor of Greek at Harvard. It is not likely that the chair was ever filled by a Professor so thoroughly fitted for the place. The duties, however, were not sufficient to engross the leisure of so active a mind as Mr. Everett's. The editorship of the *North American Review* falling vacant, he was invited to become a candidate for the vacancy, and the preference was at once given to him. Of the merit of his performance as editor of that periodical, it is enough to say that he raised the *Review* to the position it occupied some years since, and that its subsequent circulation has been mainly due to the prestige of his efforts. Stress has been laid by biographers of Mr. Everett upon the success with which he vindicated the United States from the criticisms of foreign writers; he deserves the compliments they have paid him, but his replies to foreign critics are but an atom in the mass of his services to American literature and the American mind. The *North American Review*, under his direction, was a fit compeer of the *Edinburgh*, and Everett no whit inferior to Sydney Smith and Jeffrey.

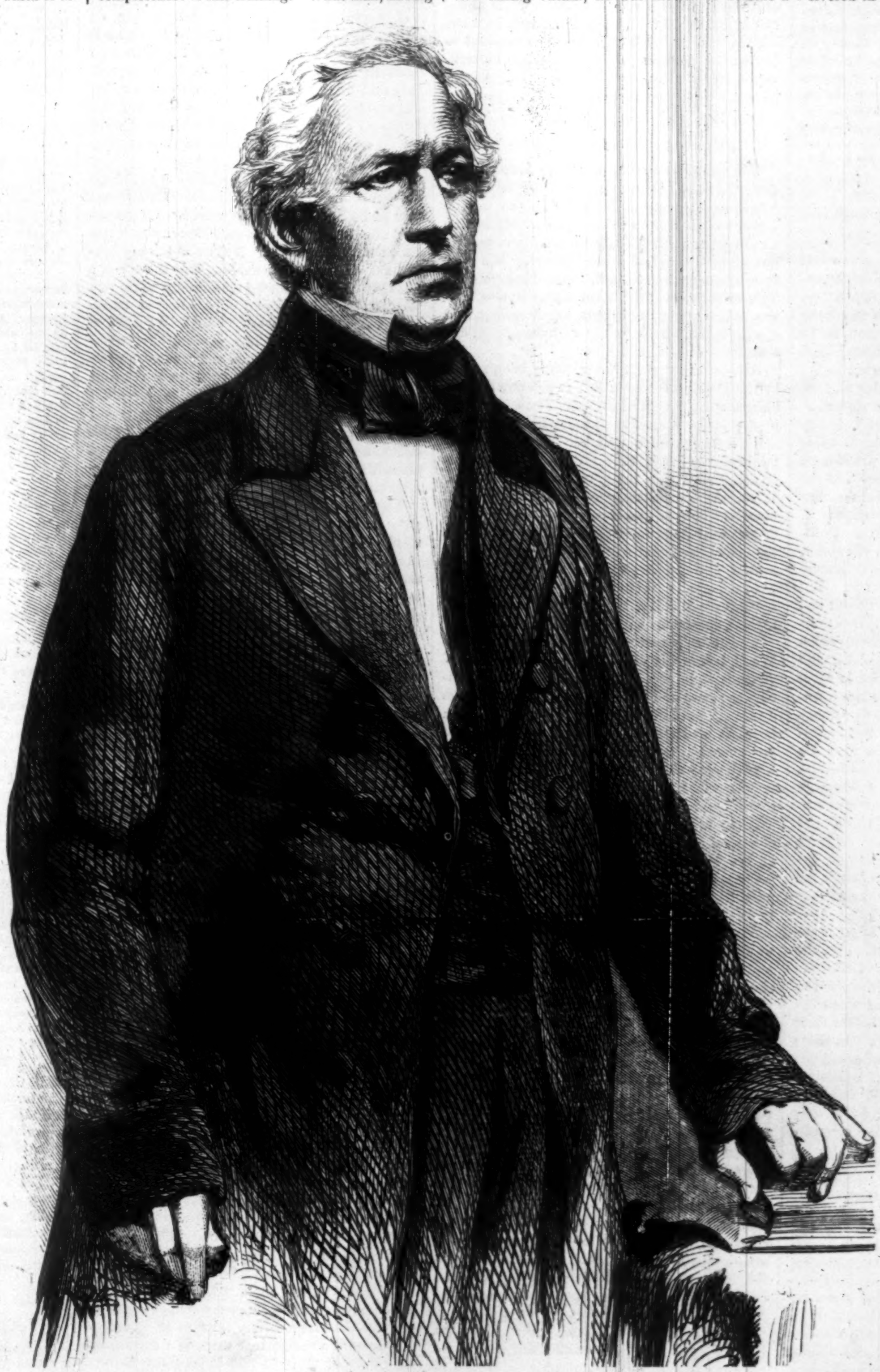
In 1824, when Mr. Everett was thirty years of age, he began, simultaneously, his career as a politician and as an orator. An oration which he delivered in presence of the venerable Lafayette in that year attracted universal attention to his extraordinary powers; and from that time forth he became *the* orator of Massachusetts—a rank which even Daniel Webster proudly conceded to him. In the same year he was sent to Congress from Middlesex. In the House he was chiefly noted for his industrious habits and vast learning. He was an invaluable man on committees, and frequently did the whole work of the committee of which he was a member. On all debates of importance his voice was heard; but he never sought to make speeches. What he said was brief and to the point. Strangers, especially from New England, frequently thronged the House when he was to speak, in the expectation of hearing a grand oration; but they were invariably disappointed. Mr. Everett seemingly considered that there was a place for all things, and that Congress was not the place for set orations.

After ten years arduous labor in Congress, Mr. Everett was elected Governor of Massachusetts, which office he filled to the satisfaction of the people of that State for four consecutive years. In 1839 he was again a candidate, but was defeated by one vote out of over 100,000 cast. This defeat happily left him free to accept the mission to England, which was tendered him by the administration of General Harrison in 1841.

He was absent four years, during which time he won golden opinions from persons of every class in England. It is doubtful whether any American statesman stands as high as Edward Everett in the British judgment at the present time. He was described by an Englishman as a man firm and unbending as a rock on important questions, yet so conciliatory as to lead every one to suppose that he was ready to yield every point in dispute: keen and close in argument, "stuffed full of facts," and "as obstinate a Yankee as you could meet with in a month's journey in New England."

On his return to his own country (which was a matter of deep regret to the British aristocracy and government), he assumed the Presidentship of his old University at Cambridge. A fortunate marriage—fortunate in every respect—had happily placed him beyond the necessity of daily labor for a livelihood. He was enabled to indulge to his heart's content in the studies which were dear to him, and which are the best solace of life. Four years of retirement with his books must have proved a delicious recreation to the statesman and orator.

Accident disturbed his pleasing labors. He was unexpectedly called to fill a leading office in the Cabinet—the Secretaryship of State. He abandoned his library, and betook himself to the drudgery of official life with as much cheerfulness as he had displayed when his first public honors burst upon him. His most important public act—his letter on the Cuba question—was indited and published after his resig-



THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT, OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

nation of office; but the character of the man gave it as much importance as any official tenure could have imparted; and there is reason to believe that it was not without influence on the mind of the leading statesmen of England. A subsequent brief senatorial career justified the expectations which had been entertained of Mr. Everett. He always proved himself a philosopher and a sage. He held himself aloof from the petty squabbles of politicians, and rose above the body with which he was associated and the questions on which he was called upon to give his vote.

His subsequent career has been tranquil. He has appeared in public as an orator only. His oration on Charity, which he last delivered in this city on the 2d inst.; his oration on Washington, the profits of which are destined for the Washington Monument, and which has done more for that structure than all the private contributions of the public put together; his oration on Astronomy at the opening of the Albany Geological Hall, in August, 1856, are master-pieces of eloquence which will live for centuries after Burke, and Sheridan, and Patrick Henry, and will be learned by boys in schools in ages far hidden in the future. The writer had the good fortune to be in company with the eminent Professor Bache at the opening of the Geological Hall in Albany. Professor Bache introduced Mr. Everett, and in a few words, admirable as every thing Professor Bache says, described the emotions which the "golden-mouthed orator" had awakened in his young heart when he, a boy at West Point, had heard him deliver an oration there twenty years before. As the Professor regained his seat tears rolled from his eyes—tears of gratitude—as honorable to him who shed them as to the great man whose career caused them to flow.

Like most finished orators, Mr. Everett does not trust to the inspiration of the moment. He composes his speeches deliberately in the cabinet, writes them out, commits them to memory, and repeats them before his audience. Nothing—not even his gestures—are left to chance. Every thing is elaborately studied. He respects the public too sincerely to run the risk of disappointing them in any particular. Those who heard his oration on Tuesday will confirm the assertion that he never does disappoint his hearers; that in every respect—thought, matter, manner, and delivery—he realizes the *beau-ideal* of the PERFECT ORATOR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1858.

THE FRACAS IN CONGRESS.

ON Saturday morning, at two A.M., a personal rencontre took place in the Hall of Representatives between Messrs. Keitt, of South Carolina, and Grow, of Pennsylvania, in which the former gentleman had the misfortune to be knocked down. Other members, among whom was Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, mingled in the fight, and for some moments a regular pugilistic affray took place under the Speaker's nose.

The newspapers are, very naturally, indignant at the violation of decency involved in this appeal to brute force on the floor of the House. What they say is very just and proper. At the same time, it may be well to remember that violent party controversies are usually accompanied, in every country, by personal conflicts. Political business, of an ordinary routine character, can be, and usually is, transacted with gravity and decorum in this country as abroad. But history does not bear witness to any violent and bitter political controversy—especially if extensive personal property were involved—in which the hot blood of some of the controversialists did not lead to personal rencontres. Nor is there any reason to hope that there can be much improvement in this respect, so long as the imperfections of our nature endure. The old common law of England, on which our laws are based, directed that soldiers should not be stationed within three miles of a polling booth on election-day; in order, as the old lawyers say, that the voters might evince their sincerity and earnestness by hard knocks, if they were so minded. There is no generic distinction between the electors and the elected to justify the idea that the latter need no vent for their "sincerity and earnestness."

In England and France, in times of great political excitement, the duel has carried off the superfluous rage of the combatants. Under the last republic in France, just before the empire, duels were of daily occurrence; and when the English have any exciting question before their Parliament they will have duels too. In these Northern States the duel has become obsolete; hence the occasional interruption of legislative debates by explosions of personal violence. They are very much to be regretted; but so long as Congress is engaged with the Slavery question they must be expected.

UNIFORM CURRENCY.

THE movement for a uniform currency and uniform weights and measures among all commercial nations gains ground. Our neighbors, the Canadians, have adopted the decimal currency; the old pounds, shillings, and pence are rapidly disappearing from their commercial and financial ledgers. The Prussians are about to take steps to place their currency and weights and measures on a footing similar to the French. An association has been formed in England with a view to the same reform.

The difficulties which the various systems of coinage, weights, and measures throw in the way of commercial intercourse can hardly be exaggerated. A pound English is not a pound out of England; an American ton is a ton here, but less than a ton every where else. Between the United States and England there is no common measure of weight or unit of currency. The exchanges are so intricate that it is a special business to know them. An individual requires to undergo an apprenticeship to know how much a ton, a bushel, a pound, an ounce, a dollar, a cent will prove to be in foreign countries.

Some years ago the American Association for the Advancement of Science appointed a standing committee to inquire into the feasibility of a uniform currency and uniform weights and measures for the commercial world. Gentlemen of the highest scientific standing were appointed members of the committee. If they have done any thing the fact has not been made public. Possibly, as a committee of the Association, they felt that respect for the example set them by the parent body ought to forbid their doing any thing but talk.

Individuals here and there, however, have devoted attention to the subject. The eminent Dr. Lieber, late of Columbia, South Carolina, now of Columbia College in this city, is known to have collected a quantity of valuable statistics on the point; he is believed to have digested a plan for the reduction of the weights, measures, and currency of all commercial nations to one uniform standard. We are not acquainted with the features of his scheme; but it is to be presumed that it is a decimal one, and that it proposes to borrow from the French the best features of their system.

When Congress has quite settled the Kansas question perhaps it might be worth while to devote a little time to this topic. A man like Dr. Lieber, authorized by Congress to proceed to Europe to negotiate with the foreign Governments, might achieve valuable results. At any rate, the experiment would be worth trying.

PROHIBITIVE LEGISLATION.

WE have, on the statute book, several laws designed to put a stop to gambling in stocks. We have a law which declares that the sale of liquor by retail is an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment. We have other laws against gambling houses and lottery offices. We have laws against prostitution in any and every shape. Yet, in the face of these laws, prostitution, lottery offices, gambling houses, liquor selling, and stock speculation flourish to an unexampled extent.

A *bona fide* attempt has recently been made, by the Mayor of New York, to put down gambling houses. Policemen, duly armed with authority and prepared to execute the laws, have made descents upon well-known gambling establishments; they have not, in any single instance, found any thing to justify a seizure. When they made their appearance the most notorious dens of gamblers presented an aspect of primeval innocence. After heroic exertions they have been compelled to confess themselves beaten, and the Mayor's aim has, for the time, been defeated. It is needless to add that, after a convenient delay, the gambling houses will resume operations without let or hindrance.

The last Mayor of New York, Fernando Wood, began his career with a like display of virtuous vigilance. He, too, undertook to execute the laws and to abate nuisances. But the desire did not last long. He soon abandoned a hopeless and thankless contest with the vices and propensities of the people. We are doing no injustice to Mayor Tiemann when we say that he will follow the example. He will discover, before a fourth of his term has elapsed, that the evils against which the laws we have enumerated are directed are beyond the reach of law and police to eradicate. And, like a sensible man, he will confine his efforts to the pursuit of objects and reforms which are humanly feasible.

We, in this State of New York, lying midway between the large liberality of the South and the narrow precision of New England, are constantly wavering between the two. At regular intervals the Puritan spirit gains the ascendant, and laws are enacted which only differ in degree from the Blue Laws of Connecticut. Our worthy friends of the rural districts want to put down the bar-rooms which defile their respective villages; they want to put an end to the depreciation of their railways by the stock-gamblers of Wall Street; they are shocked by the brazen spectacle of vice which disgraces our streets at night; they have a private grudge against our gambling houses; and the plan they adopt is to make stringent laws against these various evils, and to leave their execution to the magistrates. If ladies were unduly kissed at Auburn and Schenectady, we should have a formal statute imposing fine and imprisonment on those who indulged in the profane diversion of kissing.

It is pretty well established that while the Puritan spirit may at times predominate in the country, the latitudinarian spirit is always in the ascendant in the cities; and thus, while our country friends amuse themselves by making laws, we in the cities divert ourselves by breaking them. We have, in large cities, certain habits and modes of thought and action; these can not be altered or modified by any law or statute. The only effect of prohibitive legislation in reference to these settled and inherent vices is, first, to induce concealment with its obvious concomitant evils, and, secondly, to engender a contempt for the law. There is no instance where a rooted habit among the people of a large city has been eradicated by legislation.

The fact ought at least to suggest to the Legislature the propriety of carefully considering any prohibitive laws which may hereafter be proposed. To load the statute book with laws which can not be executed, can not be agreeable to any mind. Whether a less direct opposition to unconquerable evils would achieve the end sought, may possibly be inquired with advantage.

IS CONGRESS CORRUPT?

MUCH ado has been caused at Washington by the proceedings of one J. D. Williamson, who hails from this city, and has figured first as a contumacious, and finally as a very willing witness before the Committee of Investigation now sitting at the Federal Capital. Mr. Williamson did not know any thing about the matter in hand—namely, the alleged corruption of Congress by the woolen manufacturers last year—but he volunteered the assertions that he did know that members of former Congresses had been bought up; that the tariff of 1846 had been carried by British money, contributed by British manufacturers; and that persons now occupying very high stations indeed had received money to influence their course on other prominent topics.

The question which has naturally arisen, on the publication of these statements, is—Who is J. D. Williamson? And up to this time that question has not been satisfactorily answered. It is said that he is a secret agent of somebody; but who that somebody is, wherein Williamson's duties as agent consisted, and why the agency was to be a secret one, remain matters of mystery.

During the investigation which led to the expulsion of three members of the last Congress, a new and seemingly popular vocation for gentlemen of easy virtue and ample leisure was introduced to public notice. This was bribery brokerage. It was made evident that there was a class of persons among the lobby agents in Washington who carried on a trade in members' votes. Some were ready to contract to sell so many votes for or against a bill; while others confined themselves to the safer department of holding bribes in trust for purchasers and vendors of votes. It has been asked—Does Mr. Williamson belong to this class of persons? If he does not, he ought to say so, to clear his skirts and silence calumny; if he does, he does himself injustice, in a business point of view, by remaining in obscurity.

There are many men living who sat in Congress when the Tariff bill of 1846 was passed, and who voted for that measure. It devolves upon them to call this Mr. Williamson once more to the stand, and to compel him to designate the names of the members who were on that occasion bought with English money. Until this is done, wherever Williamson is believed suspicion will rest upon every member who voted with the majority in favor of the tariff of 1846.

THE LATEST MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

THE advices from Mexico represent the whole country as being in a state of revolution; the mails regularly robbed; every considerable city in the hands of insurgents; the capital disputed inch by inch at the cannon's mouth by the two parties; foreigners and natives murdered without a chance of redress; all business, trade, and industry brought once more to a stand.

Of course, coming from a Spanish-American country, the news takes no one by surprise. We should be more astonished if we heard of a stable government being established, and enjoying the respect and obedience of the people of the country. Mexico, like France, is subject to chronic revolutions; but, as becomes the restlessness of her people, the periods of revolution recur at least three times as frequently as they do in France.

However similar the outward phenomena, the real difficulties in France and Mexico are widely different. France is a democratic country, of liberal instincts, seeking naturally, at regular intervals of a generation or so, a change of government; and the genius of French statesmen has never provided any means for such a change short of a revolution. In Mexico, the case is totally different. There the Church is the chief obstacle to good government. The Mexican Church is immensely rich; the people and the Government are poor. The public revenues fall far short of the public expenditure; and an increase of customs duties—which in this country would be successfully resorted to in case of need—would simply lead there to a curtailment or cessation of imports. Hence, the Government is naturally driven to lay imposts on those wealthy corporations which enjoy the benefits of government without contributing to its charges; in other words, to make the Church contribute out of its substance to maintain the existing authorities. This the Mexican clergy—with true ecclesiastical avarice—have never consented to do; and whenever the question has been pressed, they have contrived by their influence over the people to excite a revolution. This is the history of all the revolutions which have taken place in Mexico during the past quarter of a century; it is the secret of the contest now being waged. It is, moreover, the history of a contest which has been fought out in every European country, from Great Britain to Spain and Portugal. There is not a Christian country in whose history the successive accumulation of wealth in the hands of the Church, and the spoliation of that Church by the secular power, have not formed prominent incidents.

Some day a man will be placed in the Presidential chair who will have nerve to undertake and strength to carry out a thorough spoliation of the Mexican Church. He will make the Church pay the expenses of the war. He will strip the fat cathedrals and swollen abbeys remorselessly. Then, perhaps, it may be possible for a good government to exist in Mexico. But till that is done, revolution must continue to be the usual rule, and stable government the exception.

THE LOUNGER.

WANTED A WIFE—BADLY.

A WORTHY man advertised for a wife. She was to be between seventeen and twenty-five, and a good seamstress. Also, she was never to have been married, although the advertiser himself was a widower—but men are the lords of creation. He bravely confessed that he was neither rich nor handsome, but would treat his wife well.

A wicked wag wrote a reply to the advertisement, which drew the following answer from the wife-hunter.

N.B.—Grammar no object.

Washington City DC januay 17th 1858

Mrs or Dear madam From your first leter you stated to that you prefer akind

and True friend to one of riches or Beauty iam the very Man for your Mind my first and Greatest Care is Pay attention to the Every Wants and Comfort and happines of awife my first wife used to say She had Engoyed more happiness in 3 months after imarried her than she Engoyed in 7 years iam amost Powerful and a splendid Provider without any Stint for Whatever Now as thousands upon 1000s Can Testify of this fact iam aman of all Stiring Preservance and industrious and temperate Sober upright and honest in all My Dealling ineither Drink or Smoke or Chew Tobaco or Go to any Places of amusement and as for Swearing i have not Sworn abad Word Sence 1842 ibelong to the episcopal Church first-Ward all this What ihave Said is areality ihave no temper to guard ido not Believe in aquareling life iam one of the Most Peacebel and Quiet men Now living and ihave to much respet for awife to Treat her Bad i have Ben Wownded in the texican War 1836 so iam not called hansome as all Can see awound on on My face you will know me By the red Stripe an red Calico vest milatory Cap With asilver star Before my Cap this is no hoax neither Do i wish to take any advantage of your frankness but Will Protect at my peril So help me God Now Misess if you are the very indentical Lady who have riten to me about our union do Come at all harzard Call at my residence Between —— and —— Streets

Name over the Door or rite to me through the Post offe but iwould rather Call

you must Excuse me for this leter

OUR OWN JOHN THOMAS JENKINS.

THE Lounger's Washington correspondent is very anxious not to be outdone in discrimination by his talented contemporaries. He writes, under a late date:

> "The speech of Mr. A., on Monday, was acknowledged to be the finest speech ever delivered in Congress. Mrs. B.'s party, the same evening, was the most successful fête ever known in Washington. Mr. C.'s speech in committee, on Tuesday, is, beyond question, the greatest Congressional effort on record. Mrs. D.'s ball, on Tuesday evening, was confessedly the most brilliant in the social annals of the metropolis. Guests came even from Georgetown, Capitol Hill, and the next street. The gowns were gorgeous. Hon. Mr. E. will speak to-morrow, and his speech will undoubtedly be the feature of the session. It will surpass all that has been heard upon the subject. Mrs. F. has cards out for to-morrow evening. It will probably be the most *recherché* affair ever known in the fashionable circles of the Federal metropolis. Mrs. Secretary G. is going to wear her grandmother's brooch upon the occasion; and Mrs. Senator H. has turned her yellow satin, to grace the festive halls. Mrs. Jenkins has been darning my best trowsers, and washing out my white cotton gloves, that I may be all ready. The fashionable world is on the *qui vive*. Several quarts of ice-cream are *known* to be already ordered. There is going to be TERRAPIN and a *real lord!* J. T. J."

BAYARD TAYLOR'S NEW BOOK.

IN the absence of any winter of our own, Bayard Taylor hands us his pictures of a Norwegian and Finnish and Lapland winter, colored with that cheerful, rosy enthusiasm which makes his descriptions of all scenes in all countries poetic and exhilarating.

His northern journey was a rapid flight across snow and ice, through black forests and obliterated fields, under stars and a midnight sun and the northern lights. He drove reindeer—he froze his nose—he and his companion almost lost their wits in the cold—he ate fat, and drank unknown drinks—he saw dirty and ignorant, cheery and honest people—and he has thrown all into a book which flashes before the mind like a shifting, dazzling phantasmagoria of icicles and snow, and lights rich as rainbows, streaming over all.

The same genial intrepidity and universal adaptation—the genius of taking every thing as he finds it, and making the most and the best of it—the same facility of address and unconquerable good-humor, without which no man can travel with advantage, and with which Bayard Taylor always travels, are as evident in his new book as in all his old ones.

Certainly, since John Ledyard, there has been no American traveler who loved travel for its own sake so truly as Bayard Taylor. His sympathies are so quick, his perception so just, his appreciation so generous, his imagination so warm, that he is at home every where, and tells the story of his wandering with a manly simplicity which well accounts for his great popularity as an author. Of all the younger American writers he is the best known and the most eagerly sought; and when he has been every where, and seen every thing—as, of course, he must do—his complete record of travel will be the most cheerful cosmorama in literature.

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"AUBURN, *January*, 1858.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I have always taken the *Tribune*, and have always liked it. I agree with its sentiments about copyright and the honesty of giving authors their own. I have, therefore, watched with surprise its course in relation to Thackeray's 'Virginians,' and observe that it makes no reply to the plain statement of the *Weekly*, some two weeks ago. Does the *Tribune* mean to have the friends who have stood by it, and believed in it through thick and thin, especially upon the copyright question, understand that it advocates picking the pockets of an author, because the law which it advocates for his protection has not yet been passed? If it has done wrong in this matter, why will it not say so?

"Your obedient servant,

"—— ——."

A NEW POEM BY MRS. KEMBLE.

RACHEL is gone; but a great dramatic interpreter yet remains. The spell which Fanny Kemble cast upon this country when she first came to it, more than twenty years ago, still binds it fast; and her readings of Shakespeare awaken, in their way, the same enthusiasm which her acting of Shakespeare excited years ago.

Her reading is an astonishing monologue. She sits quietly at a table, but she looks and speaks and acts all the characters in the play, each one as distinctively drawn by her inflection of voice and expression of face as if the name were previously announced. Her reading of Shakespeare is that of the school whose name she bears. It is Siddonian; it is the reading of John Kemble's descendant. It is the reproduction, by one Kemble reading, of a whole stage full of Kembles acting.

It is, therefore, a close following of the conventions of the English school. It is mannered, as Rachel's recitation of the French Alexandrines was, and as, perhaps, all reading and acting must be. But her profound appreciation of the varying shades of character, the conviction of the listener that she enjoys the reading herself, as if she were a third party, her incredible resources of tone and implied action, and the deep, rich, musical modulation of her voice, make the golden evening "all too swiftly sped," as Longfellow says of her in his sonnet.

Fanny Kemble is, without doubt, the greatest living interpreter of Shakespeare. A woman of quick intellect and passionate genius, she has the deepest reverence for the great master—a tender veneration, of which the following sonnet, now for the first time published, is the exquisite expression:

TO SHAKESPEARE.

Oft, as my lips I open to rehearse
  Thy wondrous spells of wisdom and of power,
And that my voice and thy immortal verse,
  On listening ears and hearts, I, mingled, pour:
I shrink dismay'd, even as the sound I hear,
  From the presumption of my own rash deed;
Thy glorious spirit seems to mine so near,
  That, suddenly, I tremble as I read:
Thee, an invisible auditor, I fear.—
Oh if it might be so, my master dear!
  With what beseeching would I pray to thee,
To make me equal to my noble task:
Succor from thee how humbly would I ask,
  Thy worthiest words to utter worthily.

TIT PRO TAT.

IN speaking of Rachel last week the Lounger said that in this country, however tolerably we might *commong voo porty voo*, we could not speak French. On the other hand, the following note from Monsieur Crapeau shows the difficulties that environ our dear vernacular when approached by the Gallic genius:

"ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, *January*, 1858.

"MONSIEUR THE LOUNGER,—Three years ago I did arrive in this very admirable republic. I came with the intention chiefly to acquire your (*pardonnez!*) d—d language, and thought at last, by much study of the dictionary, that I had learned him pretty good without the aid of a teacher. So, after practicing with my own countrymen for much period, I naturally cogitate that I be well 'posted.' I then take board in an American hotel, and, on the vigor of my knowledge, enter liberally into conversation with my fellow-boarders. Ah! I soon detect that they make jolly about me. And yet I speak always like Noah Webster's Dictionary says—*Parbleu!* My pronunciation is akin to perfection, all people say, and yet they make a large quantity of derision when I shall talk in the English language—*Sacre!* I know not what to do to help myself, your tongue is so intricate!

"I have frequently observed, by example, that the mother of a pretty little girl is pleased when her daughter is called 'a charming little puss,' or 'a kitten.' One day, desiring to compliment an American lady who is acquainted with me, and who possesses two fine children, I applied the term to her daughter; she appeared gratified. Thinking to get still more into her good graces, I patted her small boy on the head, and called *him* 'a promising young puppy.' To my much amazement, the lady became indignant, and sailed out of the room, muttering something that had the sound of 'Brute!' She has not spoken at me since, and I can not conceive how I injure her sensibility.

"On another occasion, a new-married gentleman introduced to me his wife—a very delicious woman. After the interview he wanted to be cognizant of my opinion of her. 'Isn't she a *duck* of a girl?' he ask, with raptures. Wishing to make him feel good, and also to surpass him in his comparison, I bethought me of a prettier bird than the duck, and, with gallantry, replied, 'Yes, my friend, she is a regular *goose* of a girl.' Would you believe it, Mister the Lounger, this compliment procured for me a broke head? Without doubt, did it!

"In fact, whenever I project to be peculiarly correct or elegant, I, without variation, place my feet into him.

"And then I hear every day so odd expressions which my dictionary do not explain to me. The boys so much say, 'Go it, boots!' sometimes adding, 'for wooden legs are cheap!' I can not for my life understand in what particular manner boots are thereupon expected to perambulate (eh! is that last word correctly applied?), nor how their going could possibly be affected by the price of wooden legs. 'Go in, lemons!' they cry, too, very much. Do the juvenile Americans thereby mean to advise that the person addressed shall actually enter that fruit, or is 'Lemons' merely a familiar nickname for any body that exhibits a disposition to fight? Begar, it is totally incomprehensible to me!

"By confound it! your droll English tongue is so full of incongruity! I *never* shall be able to talk him with agility. What *shall* I do? By pshaw! I entertain much notions to manufacture tracks back to *La belle France*.

"I remain, Mister the Lounger, all days yours,

"JEAN CRAPEAU."

MORE HOGS?

A FRIGHTENED friend writes to the Lounger that a horrid thought has entered his mind. Upon taking the Fourth Avenue cars the other morning to come down to the Park, whither his duties call him for the purpose of settling great differences among mankind, by the aid of jurisprudence, he found himself compelled, by an event which occurred during the ride, to ask himself, Can it be that the family, of which the males smoke and spit in the ladies' cabin of the Brooklyn ferry-boats, and occupy several seats in railroad cars when they have paid for one, has also female members? *Are there female Hogs?*

If not, says this excited man, what am I to make of the person in female clothes who stepped into the crowded car and took a gentleman's seat—which was most courteously offered her—*without a solitary word or look of recognition and gratitude in reply?*

"Madame," said genial C. S., whom the pleasant homes of wooded Berkshire, where he lived, shall long remember—"Madame," he said to a person in female clothes, to whom he had given his seat in a car, and who at length felt nervous from his looking at her, and asked him if he had left any thing in the seat, or were waiting for any thing—"Madame, I have left nothing; I am waiting to hear you say 'Thank you!'"

BALMORAL OR IMMORAL.

THE suggestion of O. Law Ray, in a late Lounger, of a new science of costume to be called Phylactrology, is already received and approved, and the practice has already begun. At least, so far as this—that, if skirts are not to be the cause of reading in others, they are to be well red themselves.

The Queen of England walks in summer mornings over the Scottish heather, wet with dew, clad in a red p—tt—t, like a sensible woman, that she may not soil the snowy edges of the august p—tt—ts which she is wont to wear upon domestic occasions. Thereupon American ladies in Broadway must immediately gird themselves with colored p—tt—ts also; and that article of feminine costume, of which no man is supposed to know more than a vague tradition that there is such a garment, is forthwith discussed in the newspapers, and every masculine eye is turned toward the lower edge of every lady's toilet, to ascertain whether the p—tt—t is red.

It is an immense excitement. There are, at a moderate computation, ten thousand of these daring garments already made up in the city, and ready to be worn the moment any lady of sufficient *ton* will show her blushing ankles. Let us hope the blush will go no lower than the ankles. Having deserted the cheeks, it is truly sad to think that it may be trampled under foot altogether.

The Lounger is assured that the p—tt—t in itself is a perfectly harmless garment, and innocent also. But it instinctively goes under cover, and delights in concealment. What wonder, then, that it grows so very red upon being publicly talked about in the newspapers! If you happen to see it as you go up town, and it looks fiery, remember it is only coloring at your impertinence in staring at it. To speak lightly of its blushes is the act of a betrayer of innocence. Pass it gently without notice or remark, and who knows but it may recover all its pristine purity—a purity which could not blush, because it knew and suspected no evil.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

Mι Δεαρ Σιρ,—Ι σηε ιν αν αρτικλε σιγνεδ "Κολλεγιαν," αν ιντεντιον ον θε παρτ οφ υρ κορρεσπονδεντ το δεπρεσιατε θε στανδιγ οφ οθερ σοσιετιες;—Ιφ ιν θε "Κολλεγιαν'ς" αδμιρατιον οφ θε "ΦΒΚ'ς" θε "ΨΧ'ς" θε "ΨΥ'ς" ανδ οθερ πετ σοσιετιες θε "Κολλεγιαν" κυλδ ρεφραιν φρομ τρεαδινγ ον θε κορνς οφ θε "ΘΔΧ'ς" ανδ οθερ ρεσπεκταβλε κολλεγε σοσιετιες, υρ ρεαδερς μιγτ κομε το θε κονκλυσιον θατ "Κολλεγιαν" νας νοτ α πυφερ γενεραλ το θε φιρστ μεντιονεδ σοσιετιες ανδ α σεκρετ φοε το θε "ΘΔΧ'ς."

Υρς ρεσπεκτφυλλιε

Γραδυατε.

—This learned letter must finally dispose of this exciting subject. Our Letter-Box has been in flames several times in consequence of the fiery nature of the communications dropped into it concerning the societies which are interested in the Greek alphabet. A dead language, indeed! The Lounger knows of nothing so lively at this moment, except a wonderful Stilton cheese of his friend Sparrowgrass's!

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—You see that I live at a good distance, and that it takes your wonderful paper a long time to reach me, consequently the *news* has *almost* just got to me that 'Mr. O'Rumpkin looks at Mrs. Catherine and wonders what has become of little Kate.'[*] I might fear that you had had time to forget that he ever did look at her and wonder such dreadful things, but then I know that nobody could, you know.

"Now a state of perpetual wonder is an awkward, disagreeable, and stupid state to be in, consequently I feel a quick sympathy for Mr. O'R. I have been all *my* life wondering at something. When other children of my age were thinking of nothing, I lent all the powers of my young mind to discover why a certain bird upon my curtain did not jump, when he looked as if he wanted to—so badly. When people have grown lean before my eyes, I have wondered where the fat went; when they have spread out (I mean before hoops came up), I have wondered whence the superfluous flesh came. I have wondered what becomes of all the pins, needles, and fine bonnets, which are made in the world; I have wondered what a score of my gentlemen acquaintances could see in a few of my female friends to charm them so; and I have given the matter serious consideration, when I have heard it said that Miss Brown had *nerves* because she fainted, and Miss Jones had *nerve* because she didn't faint.

"I have not been able to 'hazard even a wide solution' to any of these mysteries, so much of grave philosophy lurks in the simple questions; but when I heard of Mr. O'Rumpkin's difficulty, it struck me at once!!

"If Mr. O'R. had not given such a full description of his dress, manner, and feelings in his wooing days, I might have been a little confused; but as it is, it is as clear as day!

"I don't know if *you* can do it, Mr. Lounger, but I want you to take a full view of Mr. O'R. on his wedding day, then follow him up (or down) through the years, to that very morn upon which he sent you that wondering letter. Have you done it? Well! can't you see? *He* made her Mrs. Catherine.

"Little Kate, struck cold and silent at the thought of being married to one person, whom she had supposed some one else, lies at this moment well-nigh dead in the very bottom of Mrs. Catherine's heart.

"She deserted her post? No! she *had* to get out of the way! Did she marry a man with a nightcap on? Would she have stood at the altar with Mr. O'R. if she had known who it was? Bless you, no! I can't say that Mr. O'R. has any power to go where little Kate is to look for her. If he longs for her very much—*as he* says he does—he may try. He must take off his cap, change his voice's tone—in fact, he must pretend to be somebody else again, or she won't come back—even if she is still alive.

"Do you really believe all that about Mr. O'R.'s nursing the baby? Well! don't any more—it's all, *all* stuff! How do I know? O'Rumpkins are not sealed books to *me! I* have had my experiences. O'Rs are not the Innocents they pretend to be to unsuspecting Loungers.

"Don't believe those hints about the traps which little Kates lay for O'Rumpkins. Little Kates don't lay traps; if they did would not O'Rs jump into them *gladly?* There are numerous traps laid for O'Rs through life I admit, but if they never fell into any but those they fell into *unwillingly*, how Virtue's list would grow, to be sure!

"Dear, unsuspecting Lounger, let me open your eyes! I can tell you all about the O'Rumpkins, and as for little Kates—I know their sad history *well*.

"To Mr. O'R. I would say, that if little Kate is alive she would like to come back. She likes nice, cosy firesides (such as people promise on their wedding-days) much better than a bitter bed of tears in a lonely heart. She will come back with the person she married—not Mr. O'R. Yours, respectfully,

"SAGACITY IRONSIDES."

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I was so much pleased with the remarks you made in reference to that public benefactor who has rarely been invited to eat in honor of his fame and services—the artist. Oh, I would like so to talk with you about him, he is such a modest being; he comes not forth to the public halls to be seen and heard of men, neither do they put him in high places. But, why not? 'Painting is the poetry of religion.' Is this true? It comes not in the whirl and roar of commerce, therefore we see it not. The poetry of religion? This may in a degree account for its exceeding retirement. Who studies, toils, and labors like as he, with so little encouragement? None! no not one! His intellectual gems come forth, we look upon them and are pleased, that is all. His sermons from the whispering brook, the golden fields of summer, or the wild glee of the terrible ocean, go forth upon their exalted mission, but we think not of it. Yes, I would like so to converse with you a long time of his glorious art—to talk with you often. Would you be pleased to have me chat with you? V. DE V."

—Simplicity, O V. DE V., whether in painting, poetry, or prose is the great excellence of art. Why not say of the painter that "he paints pictures?" What do you mean by saying that "his intellectual gems come forth?" How could you suppose any Lounger would be able to sustain conversation at that height?

The expression "Painting is the poetry of religion" which you quote, means as much as Byron's platitude, "Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven!" (the Lounger hopes he doesn't misquote the noble lord.) It is not a beautiful, but a Bulwerian expression, and there is a great difference between beauty and bulwer (with a small *b*).

"V. DE V."—might the Lounger dare to think of Lady Clara Vere de Vere?—must not be wroth with his friend for "blowing out" in this way. The old sculptor said to his pupil, "First, form; and second, form; and third, form; those are the rules of sculpture." And so simplicity in all the places, first, second, and always, is the rule of good writing.

Don't say that if that be so you won't come to school to the Lounger, for you *have* come to his school, and he hopes you will come again.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

"WHITE LIES."

THERE could not have been selected a more appropriate title for this novel than that of "White Lies." The characters are always telling lies to each other; the friends of the author told lies when they denied that its plot was taken from Auguste Maquet's play "*Le Chateau de Grantier*;" the Pecksniffian management of the city theatre, where "White Lies" has been produced as a drama, told a lie when they announced that the dramatic version, by some unknown scribbler who perhaps does not exist after all, "had been prepared under the supervision of the author by a distinguished member of the London Dramatic Authors' Society." The evening papers allowed correspondents to tell lies impugning the motives of two of the gentlemen who write theatrical criticisms for the leading journals. This was the more unjust because these gentlemen, being private persons, have no opportunity to reply, and yet, being in some measure separated from the public, they can not come out from their anonymity to defend themselves. The charges are, as I happen to know, all lies from beginning to end. As to the charge that the criticisms were influenced by the fact that the critics were vexed because they had been anticipated in the work, I can only say that a good version would now be successful, while that which has already been performed was a miserable failure. And, further, I will guarantee that Harper's youngest apprentice shall take the novel, and in forty-eight hours get out a better dramatic version of it than that played at ——'s Theatre.

It speaks well for the comity of the press when a respectable journal like the *Evening Post* allows anonymous correspondents to assail though its columns gentlemen whose veracity, rectitude, and reliability have never been impeached in the course of several years of journalistic life. One might have expected it from the *Tribune*, which, with its customary fellow-feeling for thieves, says, "Whether or not Mr. Reade stole this play from a French play we don't care." Being "in the same box," the organ of the faro gamblers "don't care," of course. In fact, rather likes it.

I have said more about this than I intended, but I only desired to show how one lie makes many. It is well, however, that the play failed. Our young women are quite bad enough now. They do not need to be told that a woman like Josephine may make love to two men at the same time—marry, cheat, and swindle them—and absolutely be rewarded for so doing by receiving the hand of her favored lover through the "magnanimity" of the first husband, then living. If the stage is to inculcate such lessons as these, "under the patronage of our first families," I shall begin to think there is too much truth in the denunciations leveled against it by the religious press.

LE JUPON ROUGE.—SYMPTOMS OF REBELLION.

"WHAT do you suppose," said I to Ethelinda, "they wore those horrid red caps (*bonnets rouges*) for in the time of the French Revolution?" "Why," said the brightest and best, "because they wouldn't show dirt. Don't you know that the color of the Bourbons was clean, gentlemanly white? But cleanliness was too aristocratic for such *nasty* fellows as Marat; and they took red, white, and blue, the lowest and dirtiest adopting red alone, because, as I said before, it would not show dirt nor blood—two Red Republican essentials." "Then," I insinuated, "I presume you don't like the scarlet petticoat?" "Like it!" returned the most magnificent, "I should think not. It is a base conspiracy against soap and water—a scheme to deter the use of detergents. Besides that, it is not pretty for the drawing-room, and in the street every body would say, 'There goes a red petticoat!' 'That's the most disagreeable thing in the world!' 'There goes a new bonnet!' or 'What a splendid dress!' A lady who has good taste will dress herself unobtrusively and nicely throughout, so that one article of her costume shall not predominate over the other, and attract marked attention. If the Queen of England, to make a little popularity in Scotland, sees fit to wear peasants' clothes, well and good for her; if the ladies in Canada, who are continually walking, or riding, or skating, or sleighing, or doing some awful thing or other in the open air like them—that is well also. They are quite suited to the climate. But no person of taste, *none of our set*, I'm SURE, will ever have one in the world."

I presume that matter is quite settled. *A bas le jupon rouge! Vive le jupon blanc!*

BAVARIA IN HOPE CHAPEL.

THE erratic Countess, the wandering dancer, the wife of many husbands, has been guilty of many audacities. She has, they say, snubbed royalty to its face; she was frequently in the habit of horse-whipping colonels of dragoons; with many more minor exploits in the same line. This chief of the female Bohemians has lately, however, overtopped all of her previous achievements in the way of impudence, and has absolutely delivered a lecture to the ladies of this city upon the proper method of preserving their beauty. As if they were not handsomer and cleverer than any other women in the world! As if *they* ever were obliged to resort to any of those mysterious toilet appliances by which European dowagers get up a feeble imitation of the bloom of youth! There was, to be sure, some good advice in the lecture. Ladies were told to take long walks—not in Broadway (I should really like to know where any decent person can walk in this city unless it is in Broadway, and one or two streets up town)—and to do various other things, which they will do—if they like. Is it necessary to say that the lecture was clever, pointed, epigrammatic, and well delivered? and that the great exiled looks precisely the same as she did ten years ago? Well, that is the case.

THE CALICO BALL

Has come and gone, and was a great success in every way. There was a good deal of humbug about the calico part of it, as every body expected; and the few cheap dresses that were worn disappeared at midnight, when the ball really commenced. There was a good deal of "sham" about the poem by "a distinguished *literati*" (whatever that is), but it was quite up to the average of such efforts. The Seventy-first Regiment kept the floor in good order; and it was a capital idea to have the men there. I never knew before that militia soldiers could be made of any use. But the Age of Wonders is evidently at hand. Ethelinda says she made a member of Congress useful the other day. After that we may expect any thing.

I am very glad that the Ball was so successful. It will net a handsome amount of money, as well as many donations of clothes—all highly necessary just now; for I hear, in my wanderings, of a great deal of distress in that class of poor people who will not apply for relief, but who are sought out by some truly benevolent ladies—angels of mercy who are satisfied to have the reward of their own consciences. Let us hope that the blessings showered upon their heads will be returned ten-fold.

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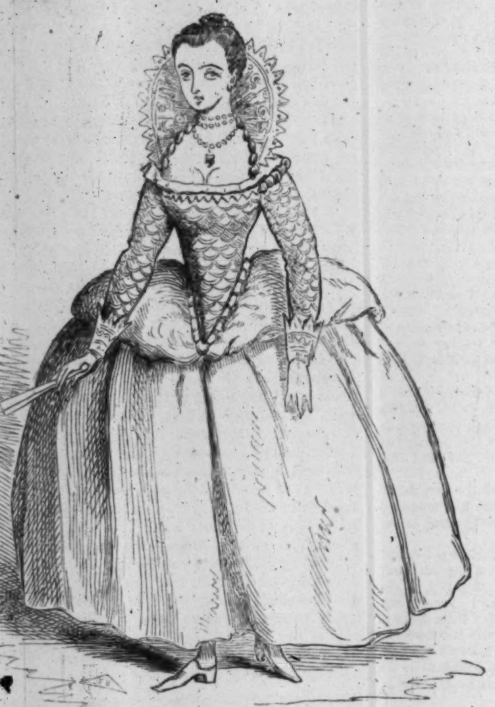
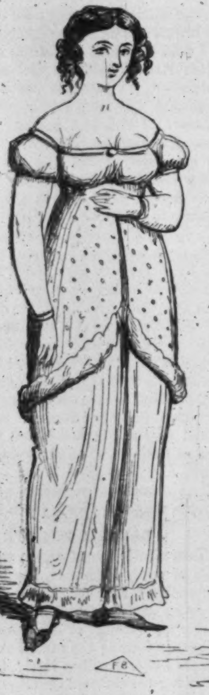
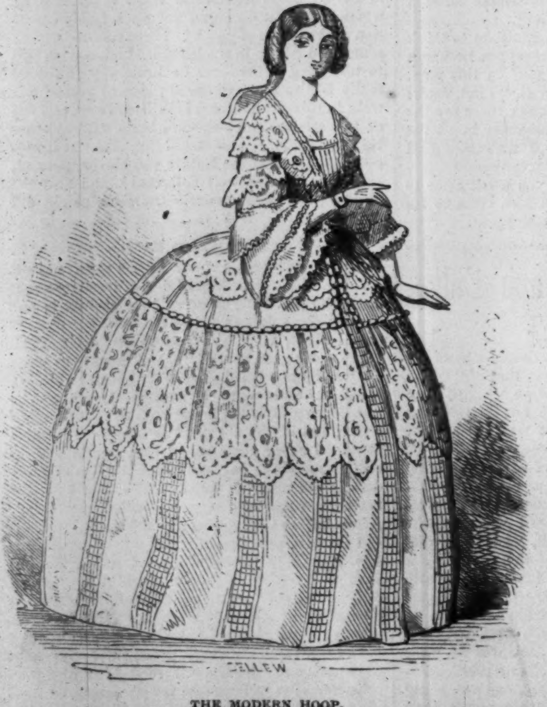
[*] See *Harper's Weekly* for November 7th and 14th, 1857.



LADY OF FASHION A.D. 1560.



FASHION OF 1800.



THE MODERN HOOP.

THE RED PETTICOAT AND ITS PEDIGREE.

"IT is our painful duty to announce the death, this week, at her lodgings, from fever, produced by over-anxiety, of the celebrated mantua-maker, Mrs. Selby, the inventor of the hooped petticoat."

Thus the *London Weekly Journal* for the first week in January, 1717, near a century and a half ago. And hence the acute reader may learn how old is every thing under the sun; for not only doth this long-forgotten Mrs. Selby strip our modern milliners of every claim to originality, but, if the truth were known, she herself, in her day, was regarded by the erudite as an ignoble plagiarist from some long-buried female Snip of foreign extraction. Let us be content with whispering that there is in that bloody city of Delhi a female idol—say a Vishnu—which was made so long ago that the creation is an affair of yesterday in consequence, and which wears a full-boned hoop.

Every body knows that if Madame de Montespan had never added to the pretty large family of her lord and master the king, hooped petticoats would never have become fashionable. At least, the chances would have been against them. But Madame de Montespan loved her lord, and was shamefaced. "I see that Madame de M—— has put on her *robe battante*, therefore she must," etc., says the babbling old Duchess of Orleans. So the fashion spread across the Channel, and was even brought across the Atlantic, to Virginia, in some of the fortunate ships which were freighted with persons of the better condition.

The idea of expanded skirts—with a view, seemingly, of giving an appearance of solidity to the female figure by enlarging its base—was familiar to the fashionable world as early as the days of Raleigh. But the expansion was not circular; the skirt hung from two or more projections proceeding from a belt round the waist; and the belt and projections were known by the inelegant but intelligible name of "pairs of hips."

"I' faith, Maria," says the young lady in the shocking old play, "some varlet has run off with my new hips."

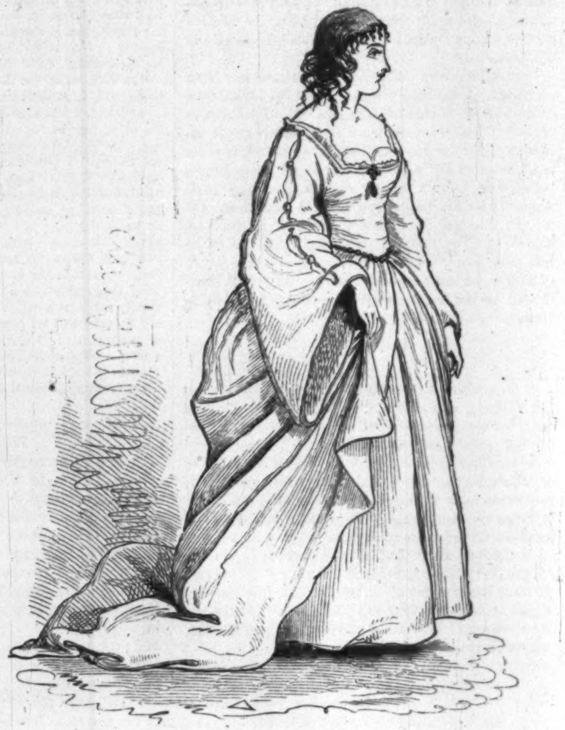
Our artist has sketched for us a figure in the expanded skirt of Elizabeth's time, and another in the long, graceful, flowing train, which was worn at court for so many years, and which, so far as appearance goes, strikes us as by far the most artistic and beautiful costume ever worn by a lady.

If people will go to the Astor Library and examine old books of costume, and especially caricatures, they will perceive that the hoop of the eighteenth century was not only similar in appearance to that of the nineteenth, but that it gave rise to precisely the same jokes and just as many witticisms as have been freshly recoined about it in our day. Nearly all the jests about hoops are to be found in the *Spectator*, the *Tattler*, the *Examiner;* one of the very best *facetiæ* of the *Tattler*—the trial of a young lady for obstructing the highway with her hoops—was the other day modernized and adapted into a Boston paper, whence it has gone the rounds of the press of the Union.

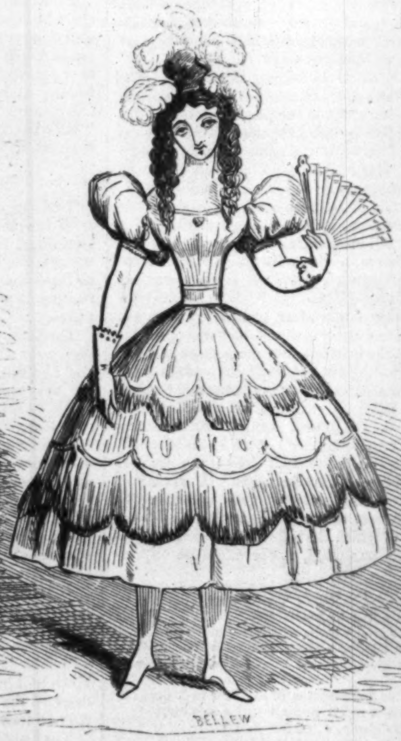
Between the hoop of Madame de Montespan's day and that of our own the female skirt has fluctuated prodigiously. It ebbed back at one time, until, under the French Empire, the waist was under the arm-pits, and a lady duly provided with skirts needed, for the fashion of the time, little or no other clothing. Then the ebb proceeded from the other extremity, and gradually fair ankles were suffered to be seen and the extremity of a tapering leg. Against this enormity moralists long protested in vain. They might indeed have preached till doomsday—so incurably obstinate is the female sex—but for one accident: how shall we describe it? Nature, jealous of her gifts, has not been so prodigal of graceful ankles as the fashion of thirty years ago would have required. First one fine lady, then another, blushing for undue solidity where grace requires tapering form, let fall her dress to within an inch or two of the ground. They say that Queen Victoria, whose example has been so recently followed in another novelty, was one of the first to adopt the fashion of long dresses. But who shall dare to criticise a monarch's ankle? Whether that gracious potentate was or was not led by vulgar considerations of what her courtiers might think of her foot and the adjacent premises, it is undoubted that, with the courage of her character, she took an early lead in adopting the long skirt; whereupon all good Englishwomen followed suit; and the rest of the female world, brought to consider first the grace of the long skirt, and next its convenience for the bulk of Eve's daughters, frankly adopted it too.

Hoops succeeded at an interval of nearly twenty-five years, as a substitute for the load of heavy skirts which fashionable ladies felt bound to wear in order to produce the requisite expansion in the skirt. And last of all came the latest novelty, the Scarlet Petticoat.

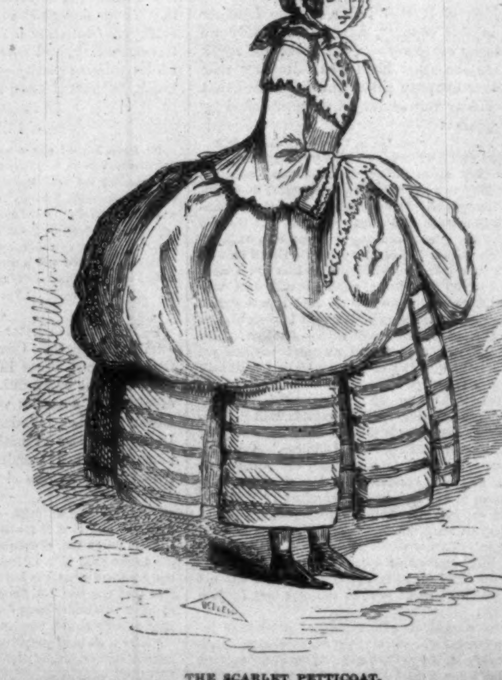
Every body has read how Queen Victoria, sojourning at Balmoral, and grievously impeded in her mountain walks over the dewy heath and grass by the flapping of a bundle of wet skirts at her heels, was struck by the advantage which the short petticoat of the Highland girls gave them over the fashionables of the court; how she instantly resolved to borrow the convenient article of raiment; how Prince Albert, who, in the intervals of the severe labors which are known to engross his time, had once or twice, not oftener, noticed the petticoats of the aforesaid Highland girls, declared that the attire was good, not only in shape but in color; how the Queen ordered half a dozen red petticoats with stripes; how every body in England flew into red skirts directly; how the French took it up with the ardor and vivacity of their character; and finally, how Lady Gore Ouseley, as the lawful representative of Her Majesty in the United States, formally introduced the garment at Washington, and our ladies straightway pronounced the verdict that it would do. Every body knows all this. People may not know, however, that within the past few weeks over ten thousand of these scarlet petticoats have



COURT DRESS A.D. 1660.



PARIS FASHION, 1825.



THE SCARLET PETTICOAT.

been made here and elsewhere. The finest are of an all-wool material, considerably thicker than flannel; the color is generally dark crimson, with black, green, or purple stripes; they are usually embroidered at the bottom. Others again are of cheaper material, with bayadere stripes, and sometimes stamped with a border of palm-leaves round the lower edge. The price varies from three to twelve dollars.

Every one who has watched the miseries of our New York ladies on a muddy day will wish well to the scarlet petticoat. It seems to be the only contrivance by which dirt and decency can both be regulated.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

NO. XXVII.

Leaving Antioch.—My mysterious Friend again.—A Note.—Lady Ellenborough.—Our Ship.—A Change of Wind.—Driven out to Sea.—Cyprus.—A pious Captain.—Another Change of Wind.—The Port of Tarsus.—Arab way of letting go an Anchor.—A Wreck.—Landing at Messina.

THERE was a gay scene in the old Square of Antioch the morning that we left. Some of these Oriental scenes I would like to impress on my mind so that I should never lose them. The queer men who look into one's face out of those sleepy eyes, the flashing orbs of the women, now more fully exposed than in former years—for fashion has so changed the Oriental customs that the faces of the women are almost visible through the thin laces that are the substitute for the old yashmak—the mixture of nations, the strange and varying costumes, all these go to form the scene; but it is necessary to a perfect realization of it that you should hear the Babel of voices which make the air ring in an Eastern market-place.

We were all on horseback. The baggage was on the mules, and the train was about to move off, when a small, old, Arab-looking fellow, a weazen-faced specimen of the Eastern beggar, approached me and slipped into my hand a piece of paper. I grasped it eagerly, for it was folded precisely as one I received a week before had been folded, and I knew instinctively that it came from my beautiful entertainer, or captor, of the previous week. The contents ran thus:

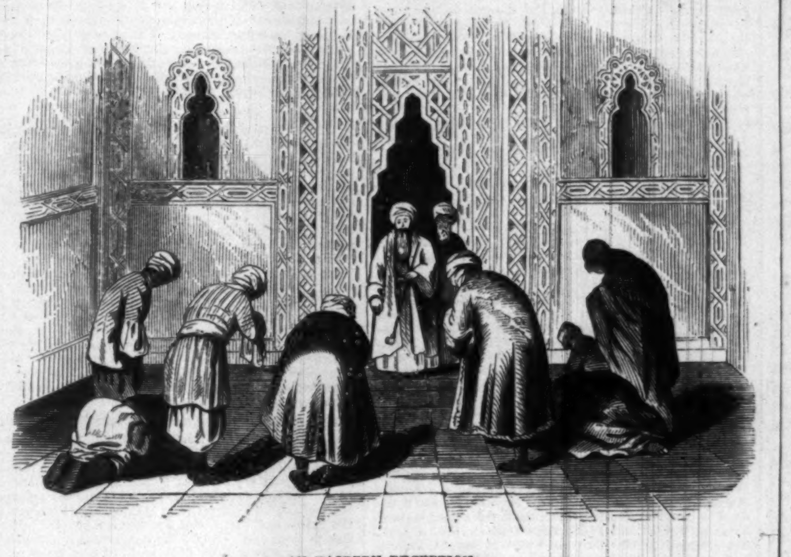
> "Should you ever, in your Western wanderings, meet any one who speaks our tongue, and who, knowing you as an Eastern traveler, asks if by chance you ever met *me*—say that I am well, am beautiful, am happy; for all this I know that I am. I sent for you, not only that I might have the pleasure of an evening such as we passed together, but because, having learned the names of your party while you were resting at Iskanderoon, I knew that you would one day meet those who once loved me, but who have cast me off as I them. For I know who you are, though for the present you know me only as HAFIZA."

That is the note. Now help me if you can. Print it, and let it be seen, that if by any chance there is an American family who have a wandering daughter like this, they may know that she is proud, haughty, beautiful, and queenly; and whether she is saint or sinner, on my faith I know not.

Perhaps she is English. I have never seen Lady Ellenborough, and I have thought it barely possible she may have come up here from Palmyra. But I think she is older than this lady appears to be. And yet it may be that it is she after all, and that this note to me was intended for me to show to Sir John and Miss Kate, who know the friends of that celebrated and misguided woman. But I leave the matter to your conjecture.

We rode out of Antioch at a gallop. Miss Kate waved her hand back to the old city, with a shout of admiration, as we plunged across the bridge and along the dusty road. It was early in the morning when we started, and, by dint of hard pushing, we reached Iskanderoon just as the sun set.

Look at the map, and you will see that we are in the northeastern corner of the Mediterranean. Iskanderoon is on the eastern shore, and Tarsus is near the northern shore, the angle being between the two. We had at first proposed to ride around to Tarsus, but this was overruled, and I had sent down to engage a boat of which I had heard while at Antioch. It was waiting for us.



AN EASTERN RECEPTION.

Pray to be delivered from a voyage in such a boat. I had been as grossly cheated as if I were the greenest of Howajjis, instead of an old stager in the East.

It was an open, single-masted speronare, with a latteen sail. She would measure, perhaps, seventy feet over all, and might go sixty, seventy, or a hundred tons. But she wouldn't go any where but before the wind, that is very certain. At first we abandoned any idea of the voyage. Then the captain grew eloquent and persuasive, and a fresh breeze springing up from the southward, we yielded to the temptations of the devil and went on board. The horses were stowed pretty well forward, and so barricaded in that they could not well be harmed by a sea. The after-part of the ship we cleaned out and made as comfortable as possible, and at eight o'clock, or thereabouts, with a moon in the clear sky over us, we set sail from Alexandretta, hoping to reach Messina, the port of Tarsus, by daybreak in the morning.

Dire were the misfortunes that awaited us unfortunate!

The wind was fair till midnight, and we talked, and smoked, and dozed, and finally slept soundly. Then it fell dead calm, and then a breeze came out of the northeast, right out of the corner of the sea, and away we went before it. We slept well, and when we woke imagine our horror at seeing no land, and hearing a fierce gale whistling through the shrouds. We were away for Cyprus, Malta, or the Straits of Gibraltar. In point of fact, no one could tell where that craft would bring up. When I found my legs she was taking care of herself. The captain was on his knees—that is, he was trying to keep on his knees—but every pitch she gave would send him over on his nose in a form not within the postures of prayer prescribed by Mohammed.

The sailors were not given to praying. Two of them were fair enough sailors. The rest were lubbers. With John Steenburger's help we got some sort of trim on the ship, and stowed the cargo, which was rolling in all directions. I then took the helm myself, and steadied the vessel a little. But it was of no use. She would go before it, and no other way would she go. So we let her go before it.

It can not have failed to strike you that in all the ancient accounts of the Mediterranean, in the voyages of Paul, and in profane writers, the suddenness of the changes of wind is spoken of as a characteristic of this sea. It is no less so now. A light southerly breeze is usually followed by a stiff norther, which may last a few hours or may blow for days.

Fortunately for us, the gale was a brief one. It went down with the sun that night, and before it went down we saw the mountains of Cyprus. Two hours after the wind began to give way it fell calm again, and in an hour more that light breeze from the south again sprang up. It increased steadily till morning, when it was blowing a fresh whole-sail breeze, and we were dashing before it. During these thirty-six hours we had been nearly starved. Of course there was no kitchen on the vessel, and of course there was no food which we had not supplied. We had made poor provision for ourselves, thinking to be out only one night, but when we found that the captain and crew had absolutely nothing to eat, we were in a strait betwixt duty to ourselves and charity to our fellow-men. Still, if this wind only held we should be all right, and so, in a somewhat reckless manner, we divided all that remained, reserving only enough to insure Miss Kate against suffering, and had a hearty meal all around.

It was four in the afternoon when we saw land, and nearly six when we ran up to the port. I call it port by courtesy. There is no harbor at Messina. It is a straight shore looking southward.

The captain was now at the helm again. The wind went down with the sun, and we approached within fifty rods of the little stone pier before the old fellow put his helm down, and shouted to let go the anchor. They let it go with a vengeance. She payed out the chain and a piece of rope that was on the end of the chain, and that was fast to nothing.

Then they cursed and swore, and called on their prophet! I think I never heard such fellows at an oath as are these Mohammedans. I have heard a Mississippi boatman, an Albany hackman, and a Buffalo canal-boy swear, but their oaths are child's play to an old Moslem when he begins to pull his turban to pieces. Meanwhile we forged ahead in the trough of the sea, and then brought up in the wind's eye.

You may imagine our position. A pretty heavy sea running, a light breeze blowing us on a lee-shore, a sail that could not be made to work the vessel to windward, and no anchor.

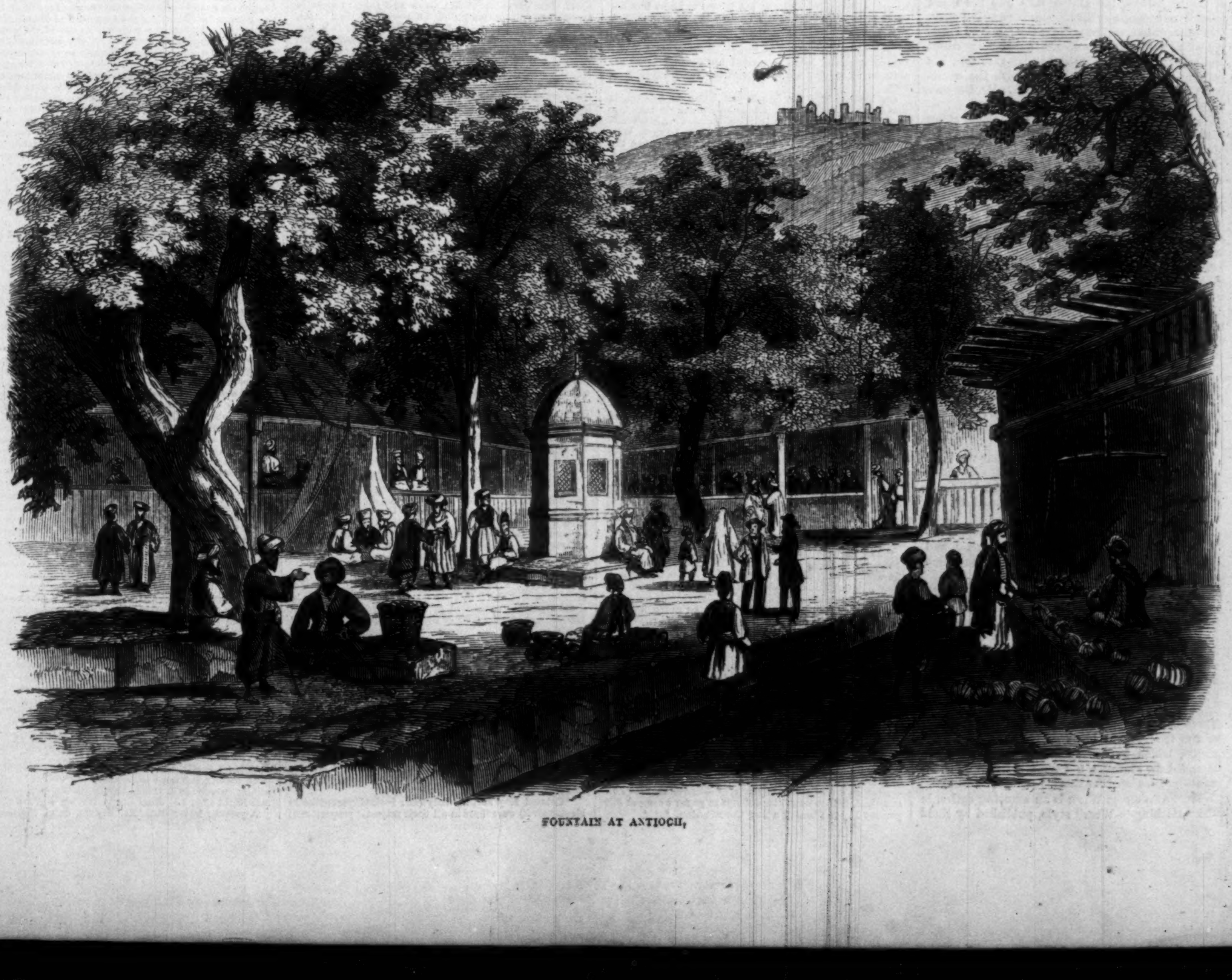
I suppose it does not require much seamanship to foresee the result of that state of affairs. The only question was, which was the softest place on shore, and the hardest end of our craft.

There was by this time a crowd on shore watching and shouting to us, and in a few moments two stout boats pulled off through the surf to our assistance. They got alongside with some caution, and we put Miss Grandison and Sir John, with the baggage, into one of them, and my tent and furniture into the other. Steenburger and myself resolved to stick to the ship, and rescue our horses. I would certainly have saved my *Tayr-el-Jebel* at the risk of my own life, and here was but the risk of a swim in the surf.

Hastening forward, we prepared a way for the horses from their pens to the side of the boat. Then one at a time we loosened them and led them to the edge, and they plunged in unhesitatingly, my own mare last of all. Rising on the waves they saw the shore, and struck out bravely for it.

Then John and I stood on the bow of the old craft as she swung sullenly and heavily in toward the beach.

She struck first a hundred yards from the shore, and as she thumped we went over into the boiling surf. It reminded me of old days at Cape May. It was but a few stout strokes and we touched bot-



FOUNTAIN AT ANTIOCH.

tom, ran swiftly up through the undertow, and stood at length on the dry sand, in the centre of our group of horses, who now surrounded us, and of the townsmen of Messina, who were watching the vessel in the process of going to pieces.

Such was our landing at the port of Tarsus, whence came the great Apostle.

LITERARY.

DR. BARCLAY'S new work, JERUSALEM, THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING (published in New York by William C. Church, Spruce Street), is not only valuable to the student of Oriental geography and topography for its learning, research, and observation, but is also made particularly interesting to the general reader by the number and elegance of its illustrations. The author resided several years in "The Holy City" as a missionary, and during this time had of course ample opportunity for study, examination, and reflection. His daughter, who is evidently a young lady of remarkable talent, lent him much assistance by her skill in drawing, as well as by her courage in penetrating into many forbidden places, disguised as a Turkish lady. To her the public are indebted for the fine colored lithograph of the Moslem "Tomb of David," on Mount Zion. She is probably the only Christian who has ever seen this mysterious chamber, of which she gives a graphic description.

The value of Dr. Barclay's book consists chiefly in the careful and apparently accurate measurements he has made in and about the city, in his remarks on the Mesjid el Aksa, the site of the Temple of Solomon, which he had abundant opportunity to study; and in his discussions of the water-supply of the city, the wells, fountains, and pools, which have long afforded subjects of discussion to Eastern travelers. In these portions of the book we find great reason to regret that he has been compelled to abridge his notes, and we hope that he may be induced to give hereafter another volume on these particular subjects.

The whole world turns devoutly to the "Holy City." At no time within our knowledge has such deep interest been felt by the public in all that relates to it. The man who has seen Jerusalem finds eager listeners to the story of his pilgrimage, and books on the Holy Land find abundant readers. There has been, too, a revival of the discussion on the locality of the Holy Places, to which Dr. Barclay will lend new interest, since his theories are absolutely Ishmaelitish—against every one else who has had any theories.

At one blow he knocks Dr. Robinson and Chateaubriand out of his way. No former belief has any favor in his eyes by reason of its antiquity. He leans toward no one, but walks up and down and around the city establishing theories of his own as it pleases him, in the most independent way.

We commend Dr. Barclay's work to the attentive perusal of all who feel an interest in Jerusalem. It is valuable, learned, and it is interesting. But we must at the same time add that he is given over wholly and entirely to the hatred of all so-called Holy Places, and has, like Dr. Robinson and some few other travelers, a holy horror of a tradition.

It is to be regretted that such is the case, since it leads him at times to the commission of grave errors. Thus, in the great question of the locality of the Sepulchre, the author falls into the usual mistake of supposing that its genuineness is a question of tradition, and he attacks the received locality with all the thunders of anti-tradition argument and outcry, forgetting entirely that tradition has nothing more to do with it than with the settlement of Massachusetts or New York. Dr. Barclay admits that the spot now pointed out is that selected by Eusebius and Macarius and Helena, about A.D. 326. So far there is no tradition; it is all history. The only question is, were these persons correct? And no one pretends that they relied on any tradition. They judged from such evidence as then existed. So that tradition has nothing to do with it. The most surprising part of Dr. Barclay's work is, that he does not believe Eusebius and Jerome capable of distinguishing between monkish fraud and historical truth, within three hundred years of Christ, when the walls of Jerusalem were lying, and the towers and western wall were standing, all around them; yet he, in this nineteenth century, deliberately selects a probable site of the crucifixion, and argues in its favor until he satisfies himself that it is the spot! Dr. Barclay is not alone in this same way of arguing—with one breath proving that it was impossible Eusebius could have had any satisfactory evidence in the fourth century, and with another contending that even at this late day it is possible to select and point out the place of the Sepulchre! Others have made the same curious error.

Our readers will perceive from what we have said that Dr. Barclay is no friend to the so-called Holy Places. Many of his ideas of the hills and valleys of Jerusalem are novel and interesting, and will repay an attentive perusal.

As a whole, the volume is a most important addition to our stock of knowledge of Jerusalem, and the public owe a debt to the learned author which we hope he will find abundantly repaid.

THE WORLD OF MIND, by Isaac Taylor, published by Harper & Brothers, is an excellent elementary treatise on metaphysics, which teachers and college professors will find worthy their careful examination. In some respects its plan is novel and worthy of commendation. It leads the mind of the student in a more familiar, and on that account perhaps a more intelligible, way into the ordinarily difficult paths of mental philosophy. There is none of the usual mass of references, nor of the too-frequent loads of foot-notes and comments, which burden such books. The work is intended for students, not for scholars, and is admirably calculated for them.

HUSBAND *versus* WIFE is an amusing satire, in the "Nothing-to-Wear" style, published by Rudd & Carleton, and illustrated by Hoppin. The prologue is a very good parody on Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem," of which one Abel M'Adam is the hero, and the conclusion is a new adaptation of the rhythm of "Brahma."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 1st February, in the Senate, Senator Doolittle presented a petition for the acquisition of Cuba. After some routine business, the consideration of the Army Increase Bill was resumed, and speeches made by Senators Houston, Davis, and Wilson. The latter Senator moved an amendment empowering the President to call for 5000 volunteers. Senator Douglas moved that the bill admitting Minnesota be taken up. This led to a long discussion, in which Senators Green, Crittenden, Seward, Douglas, Mason, Wilson, Hale, Brown, etc., took part. Senator Mason intimated that it might be necessary to couple Kansas and Minnesota together.——In the House, a resolution was adopted directing the Sergeant-at-Arms to bring J. B. Williamson before the Investigation Committee. The bill to provide additional funds for the national armories, and the Printing Deficiency Bill, were discussed. The State Constitution of Oregon was presented by Mr. Lane. Resolutions of the Legislature of Kansas protesting against the Lecompton Constitution were presented by Mr. Parrott, and read, after an ineffectual attempt of Mr. Craig to prevent their being received.

On Tuesday, 2d, Senator Wilson presented a memorial from Dr. Livingston, praying to be employed to index the papers of the United States. The Committee on Foreign Affairs, by Mr. Mason, reported a bill to indemnify the owners of the *Amistad*—Senators Seward and Foot presenting a minority report in the opposite sense. Discussion on the Army Increase Bill being resumed, speeches were made by Senators Seward and Hale. A Message from the President was received, recommending the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. Remarks thereon were made by Senators Bigler, Trumbull, Douglas, and Toombs.——In the House, the Printing Deficiency Bill, appropriating $790,000, was rejected. The President's Message on Kansas having been received, a warm discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Hughes, Harris, Grow, and others took part. Mr. Stephens moved that the Message be referred to the Committee on Territories; Mr. Harris, that it be referred to a select committee of thirteen.

On Wednesday, 3d, in the Senate, the bill for the payment of Invalid and other pensions was passed. Senator Wilson moved the reference of the President's Kansas Message to a Select Committee. Senator Trumbull desired to have the dispute respecting the contested seats of Senators Bright and Fitch, from Indiana, settled first, but after some remarks from Senators Bayard, Brown, and Bright, he withdrew his motion, and speeches were made on the Kansas Message by Senators Wilson and Brown.——In the House, Mr. J. D. Williamson was brought to the bar by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and certain questions put to him to be answered on the following day. The Army Appropriation Bill was reported from the Committee on Ways and Means. Two reports from the Naval Committee were presented, one censuring, the other (the minority report) applauding, Commodore Paulding for the arrest of Walker. A Pension Bill was reported by Mr. Savage. Some debate took place on the contest between Messrs. Campbell and Vallandigham for a seat from Ohio.

On Thursday, 4th, in the Senate, resolutions from the Legislature of Iowa, instructing their Senators to oppose the Lecompton Constitution, were presented by Senator Jones, who declared that he would not be bound by them. A resolution of inquiry was adopted, on motion of Senator Mason, seeking information as to the delegation by Turkey of a naval officer to this country to obtain information about ship-building. Another resolution, inquiring what amounts have been spent in printing and advertising by the departments, was adopted on motion of Senator Stuart. The French Spoliation Bill was reported by Senator Crittenden. A resolution of Senator Trumbull's, providing for the decision of the contested election case from Indiana, was tabled. The Kansas Message was then taken up, and speeches made by Senators Brown, Stuart, Wilson, Green, Bigler, Collamer, and Douglas.——In the House, the witness Williamson submitted an answer to the questions put to him by the House, denying the right of the House to make him divulge private transactions; on which Mr. Wright moved that he be committed to jail for contumacy. After debate, in which Messrs. Stanton, Millson, Cox, Davis, Burroughs, Hughes, Wright, and Cochrane participated, the witness obtained leave to amend his answer. The remainder of the day was employed in unimportant matters.

On Friday, 5th, the Senate not being in session, it was decided that no further time be granted to take testimony in the Ohio contested election case. An amended answer was put in by the contumacious witness, Williamson, and on the statement of Mr. Stanton that the witness had appeared before the Committee and answered all questions, he was discharged from custody. The President's Kansas Message was then taken up, and speeches made by Messrs. Grow, Harris, and others. The vote, on the motion of Mr. Harris, for a select committee, was staved off by the intervention of numerous calls for the yeas and nays on frivolous questions, and, after a tedious night's work, the House adjourned at 6.30 A.M. on Saturday, on motion of Mr. Quitman, with the understanding that the vote on Mr. Harris's proposition was to be taken on Monday morning.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ON KANSAS.

On Tuesday, as stated above, the President sent the Lecompton Constitution to Congress, with a Message urging the admission of Kansas under it. After ascribing all the difficulties which have arisen in Kansas to the treasonable action of the Topeka party, he goes on to say:

"It is manifest that the Lecompton Convention, according to every principle of constitutional law, was legally constituted and invested with power to frame a Constitution. The sacred principle of popular sovereignty has been invoked in favor of the enemies of law and order in Kansas; but in what manner is popular sovereignty to be exercised in this country if not through the instrumentality of established law? In certain small republics of ancient times the people did assemble in primary meetings, passed laws, and directed public affairs. In our country this is manifestly impossible. Popular sovereignty can be exercised here only through the ballot, and if the people will refuse the exercise of it in this manner, as they have done in Kansas at the election of delegates, it is not for them to complain that their rights have been violated.

"The Kansas Convention, thus lawfully constituted, proceeded to frame a Constitution, and, having completed the work, finally adjourned on the 7th of November last. They did not think proper to submit the whole of this Constitution to the popular vote, but did submit the question whether Kansas should be a Free or Slave State to the people. This was the question which had convulsed the Union, and shaken it to the very centre. This was the question which had lighted the flames of civil war in Kansas, and produced dangerous sectional parties throughout the confederacy. It was of a character so paramount in respect to the condition of Kansas as to rivet the anxious attention of the people of the whole country upon it alone—no person thought of any other question. For my own part, when I instructed Governor Walker in general terms in favor of submitting the Constitution to the people, I had no object in view except the all-absorbing question of Slavery. In what manner the people of Kansas might regulate their other concerns was not the subject which attracted my attention. In fact, the general provisions of recent State Constitutions—after an experience of eighty years—are so similar and excellent, that it would be difficult to go far wrong at the present day in framing a new Constitution. * * *

THE REMEDY OF THE PEOPLE OF KANSAS.

"The only remedy for the people of Kansas in this case is that which exists in all other similar cases. If the delegates who framed the Kansas Constitution have in any manner violated the will of their constituents, the people always possess the power to change their Constitution or laws according to their own pleasure. The question of slavery was submitted to the election of the people on the 21st of December last, in obedience to the mandate of the Constitution. Here, again, a fair opportunity was presented to the adherents of the Topeka Constitution, if they were the majority, to decide this exciting question 'in their own way,' and thus restore the peace of the distracted Territory; but they again refused to exercise the right of Popular Sovereignty, and again suffered the election to pass by default. I heartily rejoice that a wiser and better spirit prevailed among a large majority of these people on the first Monday in January, and that they did on that day vote under the Lecompton Constitution for a Governor and other State officers, a member of Congress, and members of the Legislature. This election was warmly contested by the parties, and a larger vote polled than at any previous election in the Territory. We may now reasonably hope that the revolutionary Topeka organization will be speedily and finally abandoned, and this will go far toward a final settlement of the unhappy differences in Kansas. If frauds have been committed at this election by one or both parties, the Legislature and People of Kansas, under their Constitution, know how to redress themselves and punish these detestable but too common crimes without outside interference. * * *

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

"It has been solemnly adjudged, by the highest judicial tribunal, that Slavery exists in Kansas by virtue of the Constitution of the United States. Kansas is, therefore, at this moment, as much a Slave State as Georgia or South Carolina. Without this, the equality of the Sovereign States composing the Union would be violated, and the use and enjoyment of a Territory acquired by the common treasure of all the States would be closed against the people and property of nearly half the members of the Confederacy. Slavery can, therefore, never be prohibited in Kansas, except through the means of a Constitutional provision, and in no other manner can this be obtained so promptly, if the majority of the people desire it, as by admitting her into the Union under her present Constitution. On the other hand, should Congress reject the Constitution, under the idea of affording the disaffected in Kansas a third opportunity to prohibit Slavery in the State, which they might have done twice before if in the majority, no man can foretell the consequences. * * *

THE PRESIDENT TAKES HIS GROUND SQUARELY.

"For my own part, I am decidedly in favor of the admission of Kansas with the Lecompton Constitution, and thus terminating the Kansas question. This will carry out the great principle of Non-Intervention sanctioned by the organic act, which declares in express language in favor of the non-intervention of Congress with slavery in the States and Territories, leaving the people 'perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way subject only to the Constitution of the United States.' In this manner, by localizing the question of Slavery and confining it to the people who are immediately concerned, every patriot anxiously expected that this question would be banished from the halls of Congress, where it has always exerted a baneful influence throughout the country.

* * * * * * *

"The speedy admission of Kansas into the Union will restore peace and quiet to the whole country. Already the affairs of that territory have engrossed an undue proportion of public attention, have sadly affected the friendly relations of the people of the States with each other, and alarmed the fears of patriots for the safety of the Union. Kansas once admitted, the excitement becomes localized, and would soon die away for want of outside aliment, and then every difficulty could be settled by the ballot-box. Besides, and no trifling consideration, I shall then be enabled to withdraw the troops from Kansas, and employ them on a service where they are much needed. Kansas once admitted, it is believed there will no longer be occasion there for the troops."

AN AFFRAY IN THE HOUSE.

An affray took place on Saturday morning in the House of Representatives between Messrs. Grow and Keitt. A member of Congress, who was witness to the difficulty, gives the following particulars: "Mr. Grow objected to Mr. Quitmans's making any remarks. Mr. Keitt said, 'If you are going to object, return to your own side of the House.' Mr. Grow responded, 'This is a free hall, and every man has a right to be where he pleases.' Mr. Keitt then came up to Mr. Grow and said, 'I want to know what you mean by such an answer as that.' Mr. Grow replied, 'I mean just what I say. This is a free hall, and a man has a right to be where he pleases.' Mr. Keitt (taking Mr. Grow by the throat) said, 'I will let you know that you are a d—d Black Republican puppy.' Mr. Grow knocked up his hand, saying, 'I shall occupy such place in this hall as I please, and no nigger driver shall crack his whip over me.' Mr. Keitt then again grabbed Mr. Grow by the throat, and Mr. Grow knocked his hand off, and Mr. Keitt coming at him again, Mr. Grow knocked him down. The fight took place at twenty minutes to two o'clock."

THE ASPECT OF THE HOUSE.

The House of Representatives presented a singular appearance during the Friday–Saturday *séance*. Many members lay stretched on the sofas half-asleep; others had arranged themselves for slumber at their desks. About a hundred persons remained in the galleries, most of whom went to sleep there before morning. One lady was noticed among them. Many fair jokes were made during the contest. A member inquired if it would be in order to send for a photographer, and have the scene daguerreotyped. The Speaker replied, "Not yet." Several clerks broke down in calling the Yeas and Nays, and the Speaker himself was obliged to resign the chair to Mr. Bocock of Virginia.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

It is stated that the contumacious witness, Williamson, who was forced last week to answer the questions of the Investigating Committee, declared that he knew nothing of any corruptions practiced during the last Congress, but that he knew of members of former Congresses receiving money—and particularly from British manufacturers, to aid the passage of the Tariff of 1846. Williamson describes himself as a secret commercial agent of some foreign houses. The Committee refused to listen to his tales. Mr. J. W. Wolcott, of Boston, is now before the Committee.

THE UTAH AFFAIR.

The latest news from the Utah expedition reports the health of the army good, and no new incidents. At Washington, Dr. Bernheisel, of Utah, is said to have proposed terms of accommodation to President Buchanan, with a view to the withdrawal of the troops; but it is understood that the President's reply was that he could entertain no negotiation from the delegate, and that matters must now take their course.

MRS. COBB'S RECEPTION.

"Jenkins," the correspondent of the *Herald*, thus describes Mrs. Cobb's ball on 3d: "Last night was the second public 'reception' of Mrs. Secretary Cobb, *née* Lamar, a charming type of the true 'Southern matron.' The Secretary of the Treasury is extremely popular, and his house (consecrated last session by the hospitalities of Governor Aiken, of South Carolina) very much resembled the entrance to the upper room at a court ball at the Tuileries, so dense was the mosaic of bright eyes and brighter gems, floral head-dresses *à l'Orphelia*, epaulets and eagle buttons, diplomatic decorations and dresses *tres decoltes*. The prominent group was the White House party: Miss Lane, still in mourning, being escorted by 'rotated' (and would be 'rotating') George Plitt; while Mrs. Plitt was on the arm of J. Buchanan Henry, the popular Private Secretary of him whom the Indians call 'Chinquinilla'—the 'great Buck.' Marshal Hoover was, of course, in attendance, as the 'usher of the gold stick' should be.

"Colonel May and his lady (she looked queenlike in black velvet) were there in all their majestic proportions; Mrs. Secretary Thompson is ever fascinating in appearance as in conversation; Mrs. Squiers looked charmingly in white; and as for Mrs. Clayton (the lady of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury), she always looks well, and always is in the best of spirits. Lord Napier came alone, and did not appear to be overhappy, although the fate of Mister Davis warns him to be prudent. The Misses Gordon, of this city, are ever attended by admirers; and there are those on Governor's Island who will not be surprised to learn that Miss Fanny Randolph, of Georgetown, was bewitching. The belle of the Cabinet, Miss Saunders, was not there; but the Post-office Department was well represented by the gifted and pretty Miss King, daughter of the Assistant Postmaster-general. With this array of 'maidens fair,' with many others in the full glory of irreproachable toilet, there was, of course, no lack of beaux, and gallantly did the latter organize themselves into foraging parties to make Balaklava charges through hosts of crinoline to the bounteously spread supper-tables."

STATE LEGISLATURES.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has directed the committee on Kansas affairs not to report till 16th March. The Lecompton Constitution has been denounced in the New Jersey and Rhode Island Legislatures.

THE $8000 AFFAIR.

The *Journal of Commerce* denies that it received the $8000 paid by the Middlesex Mills Company for editorial services in this city, or that it came into its treasury. The *Journal* also has the following:

"Now a word for our worthy commercial editor, David M. Stone, who for many years past has faithfully served us and the public on a salary. His familiarity with commercial statistics and with the principles of political economy, and his known opinions on the matter in question, which were and are the opinions of the *Journal of Commerce*, naturally directed toward him the attention of Mr. William W. Stone, of the firm of Lawrence, Stone, & Co., as a fit person to aid in the diffusion of intelligence and arguments designed to influence the public mind in favor of the changes proposed in the Tariff. Accordingly, he edited and issued several pamphlets and other documents, one or more of them bearing his signature, of which large editions were published. They were not printed in the office of the *Journal of Commerce*, nor had we any thing more to do in getting up or publishing them than any other paper in the United States. For this service he received from Mr. William W. Stone, of the said firm of Lawrence, Stone, & Co., such pecuniary acknowledgment as they saw fit to render. Whether it was too much or too little we know not, nor do we know what it was. We presume the items will be stated in the Report of the Congressional Committee of Investigation.

"If any body thinks that because Mr. D. M. Stone is connected with a newspaper he should, therefore, in another service entirely, be expected to work for nothing and find himself, we are not of the number.

"The following letter was not written for publication, but its insertion under existing circumstances will not, we trust, be objected to by the writer:

"'NEW YORK, *January* 18, 1858.

"'DAVID M. STONE, Esq.

"'DEAR SIR,—So much is said in the newspapers about money paid by the late firm of Lawrence, Stone, and Co. for "Editorial services," that I deem it proper to say (not for your information, as you know it already, but for that of your friends to whom you may show this note), that no money was paid you for editorial services in *The Journal of Commerce*, or on account of your connection with that paper. The money I sent to you was solely for editing the several pamphlets and circulars, and collecting statistical information for our circulation.

"'Yours truly, WM. W. STONE.'"

PERSONAL.

The Washington *Star*, an Administration paper, says: "It having been asserted in newspapers, that Mr. Stone (of Lawrence, Stone, & Co.), in his testimony recently given before the committee to investigate the Middlesex Manufacturing Company's $87,000 transaction, has alleged that the firm loaned to ex-Speaker Banks $7000 of the money in question, we have made inquiry into the facts, and have satisfied us that Mr. Stone made no such statement. He alleged that Mr. Banks had borrowed $700 only of the firm, more than two years ago, to pay off the bills of carpenters that had made some improvements on his house, for the repayment of which he (Mr. Banks) had given ample security. However much we may differ from Mr. Banks politically, we see no good end to be attained either for the democratic party cause or that of public morals, by circulating unfounded imputations on his personal integrity, such as this we thus explode."

The Hon. A. C. Dodge, American Minister at Madrid, has transmitted to the Hon. B. F. Hallett, of Boston, a copy of the pardon granted by the Queen of Spain, through the Minister of State, to John Campbell of Boston. This young man, the son of a widow, was one of the crew of the ship *Waverley* at the time of the horrible act by which two hundred Chinese Coolies were destroyed in the port of Manilla by the cruelty of the commanding officer, French. The crime having been committed within the Spanish jurisdiction of the Philippine Islands, the master and seamen of the *Waverley* were tried before the legal tribunal there, and sentenced to the galleys. Among the prisoners was the young man Campbell, who was sentenced to three years' punishment in the chain-gang. A year ago his mother applied to Mr. Hallett, then United States Attorney, who voluntarily made the proper representations through the State Department to Mr. Dodge, American Minister, to intercede with the Queen for the pardon of Campbell, who was in reality not guilty, having acted ignorantly under the orders of the captain. Mr. Dodge has devoted himself with untiring energy and zeal to effect the pardon, which he has at last obtained, obviously as a mark of respect to his distinguished interposition.

The Hon. Charles Sumner left Boston for Washington on Wednesday, in order to attend to his Senatorial duties at this important crisis.

Ex-Governor Walker has arrived in town, and will spend a few days at his brother-in law's, General Cook, of Hoboken.

Ex-Secretary Stanton has also arrived, and is stopping in Brooklyn with his brother-in-law, E. V. Perrin.

James W. Grimes, just elected United States Senator from Iowa, for six years from the close of the present Congress, March 3, 1859, has just retired from the office of Governor, to which he was elected in August, 1854. He is a native of New Hampshire, about fifty years of age, is a lawyer and farmer, formerly Whig and now Republican in politics, and was the first man of that political stripe ever chosen Governor of Iowa. He takes the place of George W. Jones, a Nebraska-Lecompton Democrat.

It is stated that the late Mr. Blennerhasset, of St. Louis, who is mentioned as the nephew of Hermann Blennerhasset who was made so famous by Wirt, had in his possession the manuscript journal kept by Hermann throughout all his transactions with Burr; the same document from which Mr. Davis, in his Life of Burr, has given several extracts. It is said that it is the intention of a member of the family at St. Louis to edit and publish that journal, together with some letters throwing a light on a transaction in which American people, especially of the West, will never cease to take an interest.

Palmer, the Albany sculptor, says the Boston *Transcript* of the 3d, is hard at work on the "White Captive," a female nude figure intended as a companion to the "Indian Girl." She is supposed to have been taken captive by the Aborigines, and to be the daughter of a pioneer. Palmer is bestowing infinite care in the modeling of this figure—the subject giving full scope to his beautiful and refined manipulation. It is worthy of remark that chiefly through his influence a successful Art Exhibition has been opened at Albany this season.

Parton, in his "Life of Aaron Burr," represents his hero as the father of filibusterism and first of filibusters in America; whereupon the *Southern Citizen* suggests that this Life of Burr was prepared "for the express purpose of discrediting all extension southward, by fathering that idea upon Burr."

Colonel Inglis, whose defense of Lucknow is likely to rank among the most memorable instances of gallantry and endurance in English martial history, is a son of the late Right Rev. Dr. John Inglis, Bishop of Nova Scotia.

A private letter from Mr. Bryant, dated Naples, January 7, 1858, announces the arrival at Marseilles, on their way from Spain, of himself and family, two days previously at that place.

Rev. Dr. Haight has sailed for Europe with his family, in order to recruit his health. Trinity Church supplied him with the necessary means. There is no doubt that with all her faults Old Trinity takes good care of her clergy. Her charities to them ought to cover a multitude of her shortcomings.

The Legislature of Virginia has appropriated $5000 for the purchase of Mr. Barbee's statue of "Young America."

E. J. M'Lane, Esq., a magistrate at Brownsville, Texas, was shot dead at that place by a Mexican, and the latter was immediately hung by the enraged citizens. The New Orleans *Picayune* obtained the facts from an officer of the steamer *General Rusk*, who says it occurred on the 13th instant. Mr. M'Lane was a lawyer by profession, and a native of Maryland, where he has numerous relatives and friends. He had resided for several years at Brownsville, was much respected, and, according to the *Picayune*, had rendered himself a perfect terror to all the desperadoes in that place. For his energy in enforcing the laws, and the determined spirit he manifested in bringing their violators to justice, the citizens of Brownsville recently elected him to the office of magistrate. On the 25th ult. he shot and killed, in self-defense, a desperado named Robinson, and when he met his death he was trying to restore peace between the Mexican and his wife.

Ex-Governor Gaines, of Oregon, whose death was announced by the last arrival, was a native of Virginia. He served in the war of 1812 at the battle of the Thames, and in the war with Mexico. During the latter war he was taken prisoner and confined for several months in the City of Mexico, but finally made his escape and joined the American army. He was frequently a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and was twice elected to Congress from that State. He was appointed Governor of Oregon in 1849, by President Taylor, and served out his full term.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE APPROACHING WEDDING.

AT latest dates festivities in honor of the approaching nuptials of the Princess Royal were the dominant topic. A great array of distinguished visitors from the Continent, including the King of the Belgians and numerous Prussian princes, were the guests of the British court. State balls, concerts, and banquets at Buckingham Palace, and festival performances at Her Majesty's Theatre followed each other in rapid succession. The Prince of Prussia arrived in England on the 19th ult. on his way to court to claim his royal bride.

HOW THE QUEEN IS GOING TO LOSE HER JEWELS.

The official *Journal* of Hanover gives the following account of the great jewel case:

"When the Guelph family ascended the throne of England in 1714, they took over a portion of the Crown jewels with them to London. While on a visit which his Majesty George II. paid to his hereditary dominions in 1751, he executed a last will and testament in German, in which he made the disposition that all the jewels which he had bought with his own money, or which he had inherited from his ancestors, should be a perpetual *fidei commiss* (entailed in perpetuity) in his family, and should descend to his successor in his hereditary kingdom of Hanover. His Majesty King George III presented his consort, Queen Sophia Charlotte, with various jewels and other articles of value, but subsequently in two wills, a German one, dated May, 1765, and an English one, dated July, 1770, he alluded to these valuables in a manner which was open to doubt. Her Majesty Queen Sophia Charlotte also, in a will made in November, 1818, settled all the jewels thus presented to her, and all others at that time in her possession, on her own descendants and successors in the hereditary territories of Hanover. When the two crowns of Hanover and England became separated by the death of King William IV., it became necessary to separate the jewels that belonged to Hanover. In the negotiations that were carried on in connection herewith, diverging views obtained with the two Plenipotentiaries as to what jewels had been designated by King George II., and also as to what influence the testamentary dispositions made by King George III. ought to have upon the jewels left by Queen Charlotte; moreover, there were, in consequence of the lengthy period that had in the mean time intervened, very considerable difficulties in ascertaining the identity of certain jewels. The two sovereigns eventually came to an understanding to submit the inquiry into and the decision of these questions to three English jurists, who in fact were nominated in 1843. While the preliminary inquiries into the subject were still going on, various changes in the persons of the commissioners hereto appointed were necessitated by death, and the whole inquiry came to a stand-still, until at length, in the middle of December, 1857, a decision was come to by a fresh committee recently nominated, viz., that the testamentary dispositions made by King George II. had reference only to the jewels inherited by him from his ancestors, or purchased by him with money derived from his hereditary dominions in Hanover, and that, on the other hand, all the jewels that belonged to Queen Charlotte are entailed and settled on the Crown of Hanover. Now that a basis of decision has been obtained through the conciliatory disposition shown by the royal relations on both sides, the final separation and setting aside of the jewels that fall back to Hanover will be simple, and not productive of any great loss of time. Although the statement of the *Globe* that the jewels in question are of enormous value, exceeding a million sterling, is excessively exaggerated, it is nevertheless matter of very great satisfaction, apart from their money value, that such highly-prized *souvenirs* from the hands of glorious ancestors, so well calculated to add brilliancy to the crown, should thus revert to our most gracious royal house."

A MODEL MAYOR.

The first official act of the new Mayor of Cork was to visit the city jail, from whence he liberated all the pauper debtors there confined, he paying the demands against them. He also set at liberty a number of poor people who were under a rule of bail.

WHEN STARVATION WILL KILL.

From the celebrated experiments of Chossat on Inanition, it appears that death arrives whenever the waste reaches an average proportion of 0·4; that is to say, supposing an animal to weigh 100 pounds, it will succumb when its weight is reduced to 60 pounds. Death may, of course, ensue before that point is reached, but not be prolonged after it. The average loss which can be sustained is 40 per cent.; sometimes the loss is greater, especially if the animal be very fat: thus, in the transactions of the Linnæan Society, a case is reported of a fat pig which was buried under thirty feet of chalk for 160 days; his weight fell, in that period, no less than 75 per cent. Curiously enough, as an illustration of what was just said respecting time not being an index, fishes and reptiles were found, by Chossat, to perish at precisely the same limit of weight as warm-blooded animals; but they required a period three-and-twenty times as long to do it in: thus, if the experiment be performed of starving a bird and a frog during the warm weather, although both will perish when their loss of weight reaches 40 per cent., the one will not survive a week, the other will survive three-and-twenty weeks.

FRANCE.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

The French Legislative Assembly was opened on 18th January by Napoleon in a long speech, in which he alluded to more repressive measures. Four Italians who attempted his life are to be tried this month.

THE EMPEROR ON THE CRISIS.

In the course of his speech the Emperor said: "The increase in the price of all necessaries has compelled us since last year to augment the salaries of the lesser functionaries; the rations of the soldiers have been improved, and the pay of subalterns increased. The budget of 1859 provides for better payment for teachers and professors, and for magistrates. I may point out an increase of charitable societies—in the country those of the medical corporations, and in the towns the establishment of soup kitchens. One million has been distributed in relief of the populations which have suffered most from want of work. The budget of 1859, which will be laid before you, will shew a balance in favor of receipts, and the action of the sinking fund can be renewed. On the close of accounts a reduction of the floating debt was assured. Commerce recently suffered a check, but the firm position it took up in the midst of what may be termed a universal crisis is, in the eyes of all, an honor for France, and justifies the economical principles advised by the government in matters of commerce, finances, and credit. The increase of direct and indirect revenue during the past year was 30,000,000 francs.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE EMPIRE.

"What is the empire? Is it a retrograde government, an enemy of progress, desirous of suppressing generous impulses and of impeding the pacific extension of the great and civilizing principles of 1789? No; the empire inscribes these principles as the motto of its constitution. It frankly adopts every thing of a nature to ennoble the heart or exalt the mind for what is good; but it is also the enemy of every abstract theory. It seeks a strong power, capable of overcoming the obstacles which might stop its advance, for—let us not forget it—the advance of every new power is a long struggle. Moreover, there is a truth inscribed upon every page of the history of France and of England—namely, that liberty without obstacles is impossible as long as there exists in a country a faction which obstinately disowns the fundamental bases of the government; for then liberty, instead of enlightening, controlling, ameliorating, is nothing else in the hands of factions but a weapon of destruction. Therefore, as I did not accept the power of the nation with a view to acquire that ephemeral popularity, the paltry prize of concessions exacted from weakness, but with a view one day to deserve the approbation of posterity by founding something lasting in France, I do not fear to declare to you to-day that the danger, no matter what is said to the contrary, does not exist in the excessive prerogatives of power, but rather in the absence of repressive laws. Thus, the last elections, despite their satisfactory result, offered in many localities a sad spectacle. Hostile parties took advantage of it to create agitation in the country, and some men had the boldness openly to declare themselves the enemies of the national institutions, deceived the electors by false promises, and, having gained their votes, then spurned them with contempt. You will not allow a renewal of such a scandal, and you will compel *(obliger)* every elector to take an oath to the constitution before presenting himself as a candidate.

THE LATE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE.

"I can not conclude without alluding to the criminal attempt which has just taken place. I thank Heaven for the visible protection with which it shielded the Empress and myself, and I deplore that so many victims should be made when only one life was aimed at. Yet these plots bring their lessons with them. Firstly, they prove the weakness and impotence of the parties who have recourse to assassination and such desperate means; secondly, that no assassination, even if successful, ever served the cause of those who hired the assassin. Neither those who slew Cæsar nor those who assassinated Henry IV. derived any advantage from their crime. God sometimes allows the just to fall, but He never allows the cause of crime to triumph. These attempts, therefore, neither shake my security in the present nor my faith in the future. If I live, the empire will live with me; and if I should fall, my very death would only tend to strengthen the empire, for the indignation of the people and of the army would be an additional support to the throne of my son."

ARREST OF THE ASSASSINS.

The effect of the explosion of the three projectiles proved on investigation to be far more disastrous than was at first supposed. The number of persons more or less wounded, fell little, if any, short of one hundred and fifty, and six had died of the injuries they sustained. Five minutes previous to the explosion an Italian named Pierri, who was expelled from France in 1852, was recognized by the police and arrested. He was armed with a six-barreled revolver and a dagger, and was the bearer of a bomb similar to those exploded. Count Orsini, who was arrested at his lodgings upon information given by his servant, is said to have confessed that he threw one of the bombs. These parties, and two others named Gomez and Da Silva, alias Rudio, also in custody, are supposed to be the chiefs in the affair. A police officer from London had arrived in Paris, for the purpose of identifying Pierri and Orsini as having been connected with the affair of Toschini, who escaped from London some time since.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe* says: "Rudio, the youngest of the assassins' gang, has turned Emperor's evidence and revealed all. The trial comes on on the 8th or 10th February."

THE INSTRUMENT OF DEATH.

The *Droit* says: "The bombs were of cast-iron, oblong, and in the form of a pear, and, in the widest part, from four to five inches in diameter. The shock of one of the caps, of which each had several, on a hard substance necessarily caused an explosion. The bombs were loaded with detonating powder. The first thrown at the carriage of the Emperor was just after the vehicle entered the Rue Lepelletier; it did not touch the Emperor, nor even the vehicle; but it wounded about twenty persons. On this the coachman whipped up his horses; but almost immediately a second bomb burst, and one of the horses being struck by three projectiles fell to the ground. A third bomb, thrown with more precision, fell beneath the carriage itself and burst with tremendous force, smashing part of it in pieces. The splinters of this bomb wounded the second horse, which expired some hours after. The coachman, named Ledeux, was wounded in the hand. The only person in the carriage with the Emperor and Empress was General Roguet, and he, as already stated, received a slight injury. The escape of their majesties was quite miraculous. The Emperor received a slight cut on the side of the nose by a piece of glass from the carriage window. Another piece of glass struck the Empress at the corner of the left eye, but left no trace. Superintendent Hebert, of the police, who opened the door of the Emperor's carriage at the moment of the third explosion, was dangerously wounded. The carriage itself was yesterday taken into the court-yard of the Tuileries, and visited by great numbers of persons. All the under part and front of the carriage had the appearance of being blown to pieces."

THE ASSASSINS.

The correspondent of the London *Times* says: "When Pierri was taken to the guard-house, near the spot where he was arrested, the explosion had not yet taken place. In two minutes, however, it reached his ear; he cried out to the guard, 'Do what you like with me; I am content—the blow is struck!' He appeared certain that it had taken effect, but was dismayed when he heard of the Emperor's escape.

"The person named Orsini is, it seems, the same whose extraordinary escape from the prison of Mantua, as recounted in the papers about a year ago, excited so much curiosity. He had been condemned to death by the Austrian tribunals. He had taken a very active part in the Italian revolution in 1848. During the Mazzini domination at Rome Orsini was sent as Commissioner to Ancona to inquire into the assassinations which were of frequent, and even daily, occurrence there. He has been mixed up in various attempts at insurrection since the fall of the Roman Republic. After the explosion of the projectiles he made his way to his lodgings in the Rue Monthabor, and it was owing to the inquiries of his servant at the guard-house of the Rue Lepelletier, who, with agony depicted on his countenance, demanded of the by-standers where his master was, that he was apprehended. He was asked, 'Who was his master?' He remained silent, and fainted. This gave rise to suspicion; he was arrested, and disclosed his master's address. I have heard little of what may be relied upon respecting the two others, named Gomez and Da Silva, otherwise Rudio. They are said to be of an inferior class of men. It is still affirmed that the persons directly and most deeply implicated in this nefarious transaction are Italians. I should add that Orsini had long broken off, at least in appearance, with Mazzini. He was very badly wounded on Thursday night by the explosion."

SUSPENSION OF TWO NEWSPAPERS.

The *Revue de Paris* and the newspaper *Le Spectateur* (formerly the *Assemblée Nationale*) have been suppressed for the publication of articles upholding republican principles. The conductors of the *Estafette* newspaper have been condemned to two months' imprisonment and 500 francs fine, "for an outrage on public morals and religion."

LAST MOMENTS OF RACHEL.

M. Sardoux, proprietor of the house at Cannes where Mademoiselle Rachel died, has written the following letter to M. Mario Uchard:

"CANNES, *January* 4, 1858.

"I do not remember the date of my last letter, my dear Mario, but it must have prepared you for the fatal *dénoûement*. On Friday, when exchanging the compliments of the New Year, poor Rachel embraced me with so much emotion that I saw she was thinking of an eternal farewell in answer to our salutations. Dr. Bergonnier, however, assured us that we might hope still for some days of her life. On Saturday no new incident occurred. Rachel remained as usual in a sort of stupor caused by weakness, from which she was from time to time aroused by intolerable suffering. At last, about midnight, she awoke calm, as if from a deep sleep. She conversed tranquilly with those who were around her bed, and wished to write to her father, but she had not the strength. She then began to dictate a letter, in which her last wishes were expressed. She could not finish it, and fell back to the state of prostration and suffering in which you have seen her. They tried at various times to get her to take some nourishment, but succeeded only with much difficulty; the functions of the stomach, which had hitherto continued sufficiently, had failed in their turn. At eleven o'clock on Sunday expectoration became difficult, and there were fears of suffocation, when a fortunate effort relieved the respiratory organs, and a calm succeeded this crisis. Rachel then desired to resume the letter to her father; she dictated it to the end, re-read it, and then exclaimed, 'Ah! my Rebecca, my dear sister, I am going to see you again; how happy I am!' She then added some words to the letter, signed it, and appeared to fall asleep. This state lasted several hours. Up to this time Sarah had hesitated about calling in the succor of religion, but having witnessed this transport of Rachel, she telegraphed to the Consistory of Nice, who immediately sent ten persons, males and females. They arrived about eight o'clock, and were told to wait a while, fearing that their arrival might produce a fatal excitement. At last, about ten o'clock, a crisis similar to that of the morning occurred, and alarmed the whole house. The physicians declared it would be the last. The religious persons were then admitted. The women and an aged priest drew near the bed and began to chant the prayers for the last agony, in Hebrew. Rachel turned her face toward them, radiant with celestial light, pressed the hand of Sarah, and died with a smile upon her lips. When I arrived, a few hours later, I found every one impressed with the token of divine support that God had given to Rachel. I was not there, my dear friend, but I doubt not Rachel died in the hope of another life."

RACHEL AND DR. VERON.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* tells the following story: "It appears that on Rachel's first appearance, at a minor theatre in Paris, the Gymnase, she failed, or rather fell far below her own hopes of success. At this juncture came forward the well-known 'man about town,' familiar to Parisian eyes, and covered with political prestige, by name Louis Véron. His position in the artistic world, to say nothing of his influence over the press, was that of a Jupiter, and is it to be wondered at that when he presented himself before the Leda of the Gymnase, offering her his august patronage, and an engagement at the Théatre François, that she yielded, like her mythological prototype, but from far other motives, for Monsieur Véron never bore the least resemblance to a swan. A solemn compact, however, was entered into on the occasion, and Monsieur Véron bound himself in honor never to divulge the *liaison*. Rachel's fiery genius, favored by all the critics of Paris (Monsieur Véron being the bellows-holder), soon dazzled the imagination of the electrified public, and she became the acknowledged Queen of Tragedy. Fame decked her brow, and wealth flowed into her coffers. *La donna é Mobile* sings the tenor in 'Rigoletto,' and so it was in this case; for Rachel, tired of her secret *liaison*, notified the luckless Véron of its discontinuance. Now. mark the desperate vengeance of the discarded opera-manager. He forthwith assembled all the penny-a-liners of the Parisian press at a sumptuous dinner at the Café de Paris, who little dreamed of the volcano in the breast of their Amphytrion. While the repast was gayly going on Monsieur Véron dispatched a note to the ill-fated actress, mentioning the journalists and 'men about town' he had gathered about him, and declaring that if she did not return instanter to her allegiance he would break all vows and disclose to his company the fact and proofs of their connection. Rachel recoiled before the menace. Things went on as before for a time, when again she closed her door to Monsieur Véron, who went through just the same ceremony as the first, but this time with a bold defiance from his victim. The ex-retailer of cough lozenges was as good as his threat, and he told at once, with vindictive flourish, the story of poor Rachel's weakness, which next day flew all over Paris, and cut her off, finally, from all the association with the refined and distinguished of her own sex. This pitiful tale has a moral, but so palpable that all may scan it."

WHO IS THE FATHER OF RACHEL'S CHILDREN?

The Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, in a letter of recent date, says: "Rachel's eldest son, a boy about fourteen, whose father is Count Walewski, is being educated at Geneva, and knew nothing of his mother's death. A friend of mine was requested to see the Minister of Foreign Affairs on this subject, and inquire from him if he did not think it fitting that the boy should be present at the funeral, which takes place to-morrow; but Count Walewski said he did not deem it by any means necessary, and that it would cause the child a sad and disagreeable impression. Most people imagine that the real fact is, that the Minister for Foreign Affairs does not choose that the crowd at Rachel's funeral should say, 'There, that young lad who is chief mourner, and Rachel's son, is the son also of M. Walewski, the first Minister of the Empire.' Besides this, many would have added, 'Ten or twelve years back that boy's father persecuted Rachel, the actress, to become his wife; and what was then termed her good sense, and her friends who surrounded her and besought her not to think of such a thing, alone prevented the marriage.' All this might not be particularly flattering to M. Walewski just now; so the young Alexander Napoleon Viscount Walewski (for he is perfectly acknowledged) is left in school at Geneva, and kept from the public eye."

The *Court Journal* says the recognition by Prince Napoleon of one of the children of the late Mademoiselle Rachel has caused an immense sensation.

THEATRICAL APPLAUSE IN PARIS.

The following story is going the rounds of the Paris papers: "Rachel was in the habit of showing her confidential friends some of the singular epistles which occasionally found their way to her, addressed by all sorts of persons; and the annexed was perhaps the not least curious of them all. The great *tragedienne* had made some complaint touching the strength of the applause provided by the manager as being inadequate to the efforts she was making in creating a new character. She was informed that the chief of the *claque* had been indisposed, and that it was the fault of his deputy. Hearing of Rachel's complaint, this personage addressed her as follows. 'Mademoiselle—I can not remain under the obloquy of a reproach from lips such as yours. The following is an authentic statement of what really took place: At the first representation I led the attack in person not less than fifty-three times; we had three acclamations, four hilarities, two thrilling movements, four renewals of applause, and two indefinite explosions. In fact, to such an extent did we carry our applause that the occupants of the stalls were scandalized and cried out *à la porte*. Some were positively exhausted with fatigue, and even intimated to me that they could not again go through such an evening. Seeing such to be the case, I applied for the manuscript, and after having profoundly studied the piece I was obliged to make up my mind, for the second representation, to certain curtailments in the service of my men. I, however, applied them only to MM.——; and if the *ad interim* office which I hold affords me the opportunity, I will make them ample amends. In such a situation as that which I have just depicted, I have only to request you to believe firmly in my profound admiration and respectful zeal, and I venture to entreat you to have some consideration for the difficulties which environ me. I am, Mademoiselle,' "etc.

CHRISTMAS FOUNDLINGS.

A touching custom has prevailed at Lyons for many years. The first child that is abandoned to the care of the Foundling Hospital the eve of Christmas Day is received with peculiar honor, and attended to with every care. A very handsome cradle, prepared beforehand, receives its little body, the softest coverings give it warmth, the kindest solicitude watches over its slumbers. The whole is designed to present the strongest contrast to the scene in the stable in which the Saviour was received in entering on his earthly existence, and to show that the being condemned here below to perish the victim of vice or misery is saved by the birth of Him who was sent on earth to inculcate charity and good-will among men.

M. GUIZOT'S MEMOIRS.

"M. Guizot, who returned to Paris some days ago," says a correspondent of the *Emancipation* of Brussels, "has delivered to the printer the manuscript of the first volume of his Memoirs. This volume, the publication of which is announced for the 15th January, comprises the political period from 1814 to 1816, that is to say, the time included between the residence of Louis XVIII. at Ghent and the accession of M. Decazes to power."

GERMANY.

MARSHAL RADETZKY SELLING HIS BODY TO A CREDITOR.

The *Evening Post* says: "German papers state that the veteran Radetzky, who it seems was constantly in debt, sold his body, some time previous to his death, to one of his creditors, a linen-draper of Vienna, named Barkfrieder. It appears that Barkfrieder, who had acquired an immense fortune from contracts for furnishing goods to the army in Italy, was desirous of attaining a position among the dignitaries of the Court, and determined by a master-stroke to accomplish his elevation from the plebeian ranks. Radetzky figured extensively in the linen-draper's books—the latter offered to cancel the obligations if the Field Marshal would place his body, after death, at his disposal, to be buried in his country seat at Watzdorf, promising, at the same time, that the veteran's grave should be surmounted by a handsome monument. Radetzky readily assented, and signed a written agreement to that effect. The old soldier now slumbers in the grounds of M. Barkfrieder, whose country seat has become the Mecca of princes, dukes, barons, counts, and generals. The linen-draper's scheme has been crowned with success—members of the imperial family and titled nobles have necessarily become his guests, and he is a member of the 'Court circle.'"

ITALY.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.

The *Times* correspondent gives the following, as part of an account of a tour through the district affected by the earthquake: "On entering S. Pietro, which is a suburb of Polla, and is separated from it by a river, they saw a wall, about 10 feet high, cracked from top to bottom, with an image of the Virgin let into it. Both S. Pietro and Polla have suffered awfully; one half of the houses were prostrate; the roofs of all had fallen in, and those which were standing were unsafe. Out of a population of 7000, 1000 have certainly fallen victims; 567 bodies have already been taken out and buried, and on Friday last the horrid work of disinterment was going on. During this day three severe shocks of earthquake were felt throughout the district; the first occurred before daybreak, the second about half-past 12 P.M., when they were standing on the ruins of a church examining the melancholy scene around them. Suddenly the ground began to heave violently, and a heavy sound was heard underneath; the cry of 'Earthquake!" was raised, and they all fled. The wall of a belfry-tower, which was still standing, fell almost upon their heels, and a house close by, which had been leaning out of the perpendicular, also fell, within 20 feet of them. It is difficult to describe the consternation of the people; all ran to the temporary building where Divine service is performed, and the crucifix and the image of the Madonna being brought out all followed in procession, priests and all scourging themselves with ropes."

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

Our dates from Calcutta are to 24th December. The Furukabad rebels have been defeated in two engagements, in the latter of which, on the 18th, the dispersion of the enemy was complete. Their guns were captured; British loss is trifling. No further intelligence from Oude. The 11th Cavalry mutinied on the 1st of December. They were overtaken near Purneah. Eleven were killed, but the remainder escaped. The 17th Native Infantry are under orders for China. A small force from Delhi, under Colonel Seton, encountered a body of rebels at Guingeree on the 15th December, took the guns, and killed 150 men. The English lost few men and three officers. Again, on the 11th December the same column attacked a strong force of the enemy intrenched at Putalem, near Futteghur, killed about 600 of them, including many chiefs; took eleven guns with their camp, and parted (pursuing?) the routed enemy seven miles. The British loss was trifling, including only one officer killed.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARIES.

The Newark *Advertiser* says: "Nothing definite is yet known concerning the fate of the Jersey missionaries in India, though it is supposed they left Futtehgarh on the 2d or 3d of June last and fled down the River Ganges, in company with other missionary families. About this date, according to information furnished the Somerset *Whig*, a large company, composed of the wives and children of the officers, etc., of the East India Company, also left Futtehgarh, and were taken prisoners by Nena Sahib, and were all butchered at Cawnpore.

"It is rumored that the smaller company, in which Mr. Freeman was, were taken and imprisoned a few days and then beheaded. The belief of the relatives now is that they were probably killed at the time of the massacre of the other party. The last intelligence from them was dated in June, at which time they were at Futtehgarh, and in expectation of falling at every moment into the hands of the rebels.

"Mrs. Freeman was a daughter of the Rev. John S. Vredenburgh, formerly pastor of the First Dutch Church in Somerville. After the death of Mr. Vredenburgh she removed to Elizabeth. Mrs. Freeman was, in 1850, married to Rev. Edgar Freeman, a native of New Jersey, and sailed in July for India, where they have since remained, laboring as missionaries of the Presbyterian Board."

HOW THE LADIES WERE DRESSED AT LUCKNOW.

An officer writes: "We have all vacated Lucknow, and some or all are going to Cawnpore. The ladies had to walk out, and I went to see them, expecting to find them looking very miserable. Instead of that they looked quite well, dressed up with white kid gloves, and made me feel quite ashamed of my dirty appearance, as I had been sleeping on the ground in the dirt for several nights. When Sir Colin Campbell went into the Residency he dined there, and they offered him Champagne and claret, which he refused.

CHINA.

MEDIATION BY THE U. S. COMMISSIONER.

Our advices from China are dated at Hong Kong on the 16th of December. The Canton River was declared in blockade by the French naval commander, and Lord Elgin had sent in a British ultimatum to the Chinese authorities, which was to be accepted or rejected in the space of ten days. The Anglo-French force had occupied the Island of Donan, opposite to Canton. A report was circulated to the effect that an offer of mediation, made by the Russian Minister, had been rejected, but that a proposal to that effect, made by the Hon. Mr. Reed, the United States Commissioner, had been accepted.

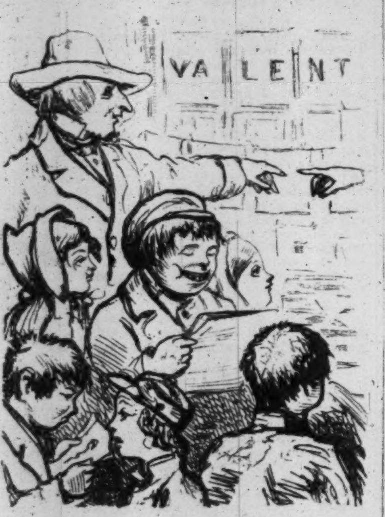
ST. VALENTINE AND VALENTINES.

The observance of St. Valentine's Day among Christian nations is probably a relic of an ancient Roman custom. The Lupercalia, Roman feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, were held on this day, and among the ceremonies was a game wherein young persons of opposite sexes jocularly chose each other for the year, by lot.

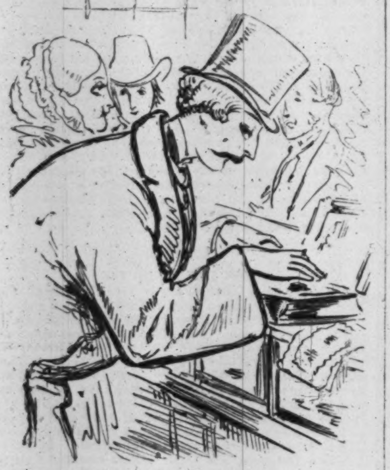
St. Valentine, who has, probably very much against his will, lent his name to the day among Christian nations, was a presbyter of Rome, who was beheaded under the Emperor Claudius.

Birds are supposed to choose their partners about this time of the year, and hence, it is commonly supposed, originated the custom of young people also choosing partners for the year; or, as it is now observed, of sending anonymously amatory or flattering effusions to the objects of their preference.

Whatever may be the moving cause, lovers have observed the day from time immemorial. In England, shortly after the Reformation, it was "a ceremony never omitted among the vulgar," says Bourne, "to draw lots on the eve before Valentine Day. The names of a select number of one sex are by an equal number of the other put into some vessel, and after that every one draws a name, which for the present is called their Valentine, and is looked upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterward." The interchange of amatory epistles on Valentine's Day seems to this day to be thought "ominous" of hymeneal consequences.



THE PURCHASER OF THE COMIC VALENTINE.

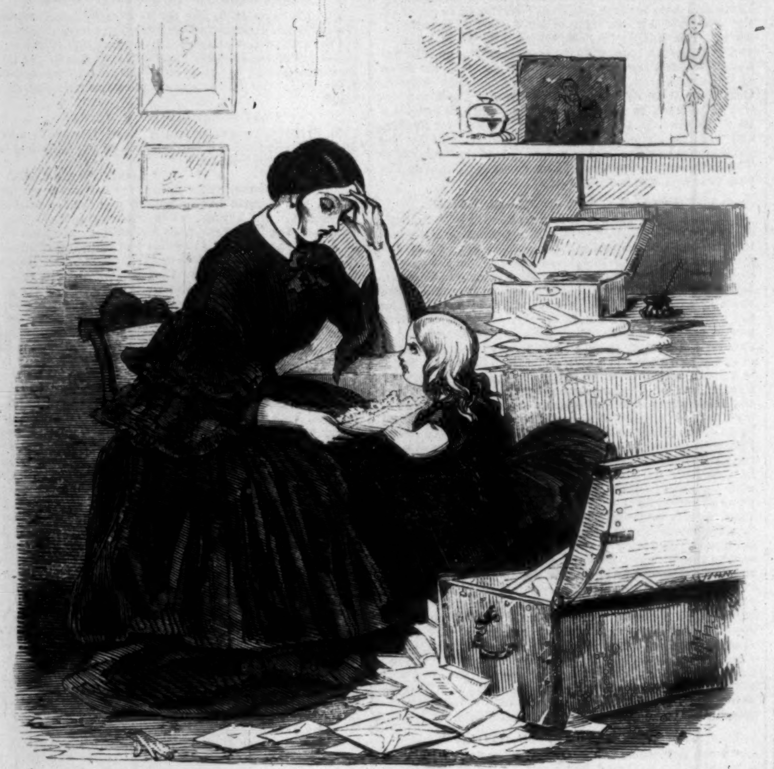


THE PURCHASER OF THE SENTIMENTAL VALENTINE.

In the days of the *Spectator* Valentines partook of the courtly character of the literature of the day. Instead of the caricatures and comic verses which nowadays form the staple of Valentine literature, were then circulated courteous professions of attachment and devotion from young man to young maiden, honeyed with compliments to her various perfections, and expressive of an humble hope for the love of the fair one addressed. Fancy Sir Roger de Coverley inditing a Valentine!

In parts of England there is at this day a superstition that the first unmarried person of the male sex met by a young girl on St. Valentine's morning, on walking out, is the destined husband of the fair maid.

In Scotland, on St. Valentine's morning, the lover surprises his mistress, and blindfolds her with his hands, saying—



A REMINISCENCE OF ST. VALENTINE.

"Guess, and guess truly, lady mine,
Who is abroad as thy Valentine?
Whose are the fingers, and whose is the vow,
That press on thy forehead, that blesseth thee now?
Love for such lore hath no need of his eyes,
To the loving the lover is known by his sighs.
Oh! for a spell on thy lips of love's art!
Say, is my name, dearest! writ on thy heart?

"Surely thy soul and thy brow understand
The voice of my spirit, the clasp of my hand.
Oh! if they read not my riddle this morn,
That hand must be widow'd, that spirit forlorn.
This is the day when in city and grove
Love is a wanderer seeking for love.
Who is the fond one now pleading for thine?
Guess, and guess truly, my own Valentine!"

With us, and at the present time, St. Valentine's Day is held sacred to anonymous practical jokes. Ere yet the present system of prepaying postage was inaugurated rival lovers were wont to victimize each other with bulky parcels duly directed in mock feminine hand, as coming from the disputed lady, and slyly committed to the charge of the village postmaster, who took care to levy sufficient postage upon the luckless recipient, whose curiosity was sure to overcome his cupidity. Exaggerated caricatures have taken the place of heavier parcels; and many a spiteful thought, slumbering quietly the year through, finds vent on St. Valentine's Day in anonymous satire.

Yet doubtless many a match has been made even among ourselves by the aid of a "sentimental Val," gratifying the vanity and touching the heart of the wished-for maid, by praising, in second-hand third-rate rhyme, the coal-black eyes, the raven tresses, the cherry lips, the pearly teeth, the fawn-like form, and siren voice supposed to be part and parcel of said fortunate young lady. The "sentimental Val" is by no means the least powerful weapon in Cupid's armory. In fact, no battery of love can be said to be complete without it. There is something so delightful in the anonymity of the shot; and then what fair one having a dozen lovers, and receiving a dozen Valentines, but chooses her favorite Valentine from the assortment, and in that very deed commits her heart to him whose compliment has best pleased her fancy?

They say "set a thief to catch a thief." Few know so well how to use the artillery of love as those who have once won the great battle. This will account for that not unreasonable fear in which widows are held by prudent bachelors—*vide* Samuel Weller, Sen., in Pickwick's Reports—as well as for the general success of "eligible" widowers in *re*mating at the expiration of the usual year of sorrowing remembrance.

And we hereby caution all fair maidens among our readers to steel their hearts against all Valentines which do not *certainly* emanate from one or other of their lovers. There was our fair friend, Amelia R——, whose cards were laid upon our table but two weeks ago. One year ago Miss Amelia was wont to inform her friends, with an air of the utmost sincerity, that she had determined to live an old maid. She is a truthful girl—and no doubt she thought as she spoke. Two weeks ago the fair Amelia was married to one who had long sued silently and hopelessly for her hand.

"How did it come about?" we asked her father, as we sat lately in his study, smoking a postprandial Havana. He laughed and disclosed the plot. The old fox had seen for a long time the love which young Harvey bore the fair Amelia. He knew that she returned it, but, with the obstinacy peculiar to some young ladies, refused to give her suitor an opportunity to "pop the question." Harvey was about giving up in despair, and things had come to a dead lock, when a happy inspiration brought the old gentleman to a stand in the midst of Wall Street.

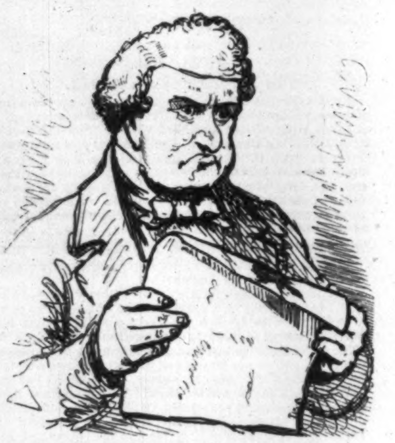
It was the eve of last St. Valentine's Day. He rushed up to Cozans's, and expended—I won't tell how large a sum—in the purchase of the most extraordinary "sentimental Val" of the season; inscribed upon the blank leaf some touchingly tender but manly verses "To Amelia," directed the parcel to "Miss Amelia R——, —— Street," and committed it to the tender mercies of the postman.

"That did the work, Sir," said the old fox, triumphantly. "My young lady was brought to her senses. She supposed, of course, that the Valentine came from Harvey; was touched with the *manly devotion* of the verses, received Harvey favorably when I sent for him to spend an evening with us—permitted him to declare his love; and now, Sir," concluded the old gentleman, throwing the stump of his cigar into the grate, "the happy couple are off for Havana together. Wouldn't I like to be behind the door when Amelia comes to talk about her Valentine?"

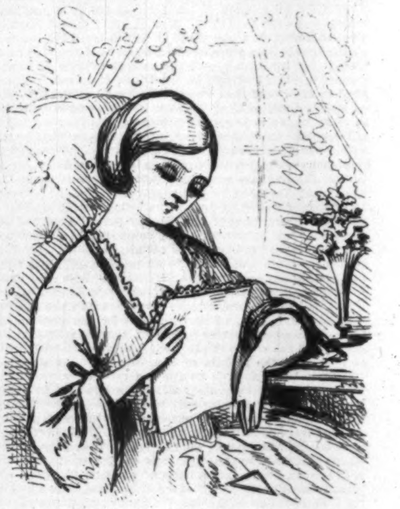
What shall we say about feminine match-making after that?

Every body has noticed the eruption of Valentines on shop windows and counters a few days before the memorable 14th. Few guess the amount of capital invested in the manufacture of these missives—amatory and otherwise—or the vast number sold and dispatched each year.

The head-quarters of the manufacture is in New York. Five firms—Messrs. P. J. Cozans, F. W. Strong, Fisher and Brothers, M'Laughlin and Brothers, and J. Wrigley—have the business chiefly in their hands. There are, besides these, five or six small manufacturers in New York, one at Worcester, Massachusetts, and two in New Hampshire. To Mr. Cozans we are indebted for some interesting statistics of the present condition of the trade, embodied below. It is only about eighteen years ago that Valentines were first made popular throughout the Union. At that time the manufacturers sent traveling agents through the South and West with samples; and these gentlemen were forced, in a majority of cases, to explain to those with whom they wished to deal the use to be made of the curious missives, and to make a minute of the particular season for which they were prepared. At that time cheap Valentines were very high priced—the commonest "colored comics" being sold at from twenty-five to fifty cents. The expensive "sentimental Vals" were not then made. The "notion" soon took, however, there being sufficient mischief in it to make it palatable to human nature. The demand increased so fast that the manufacturers extended their operations, and, by reducing the prices of their wares, soon brought them into almost universal use.

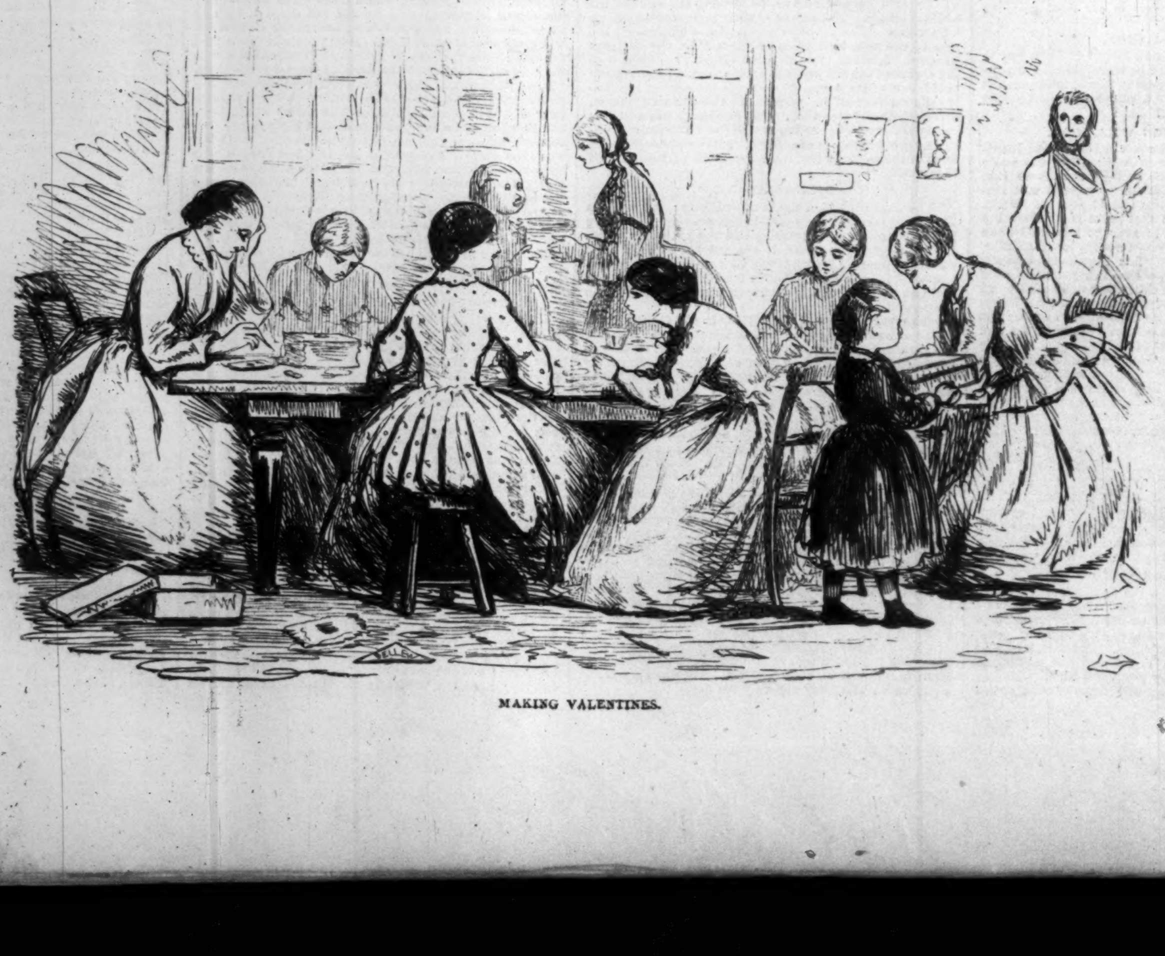


THE RECIPIENT OF THE COMIC VALENTINE.

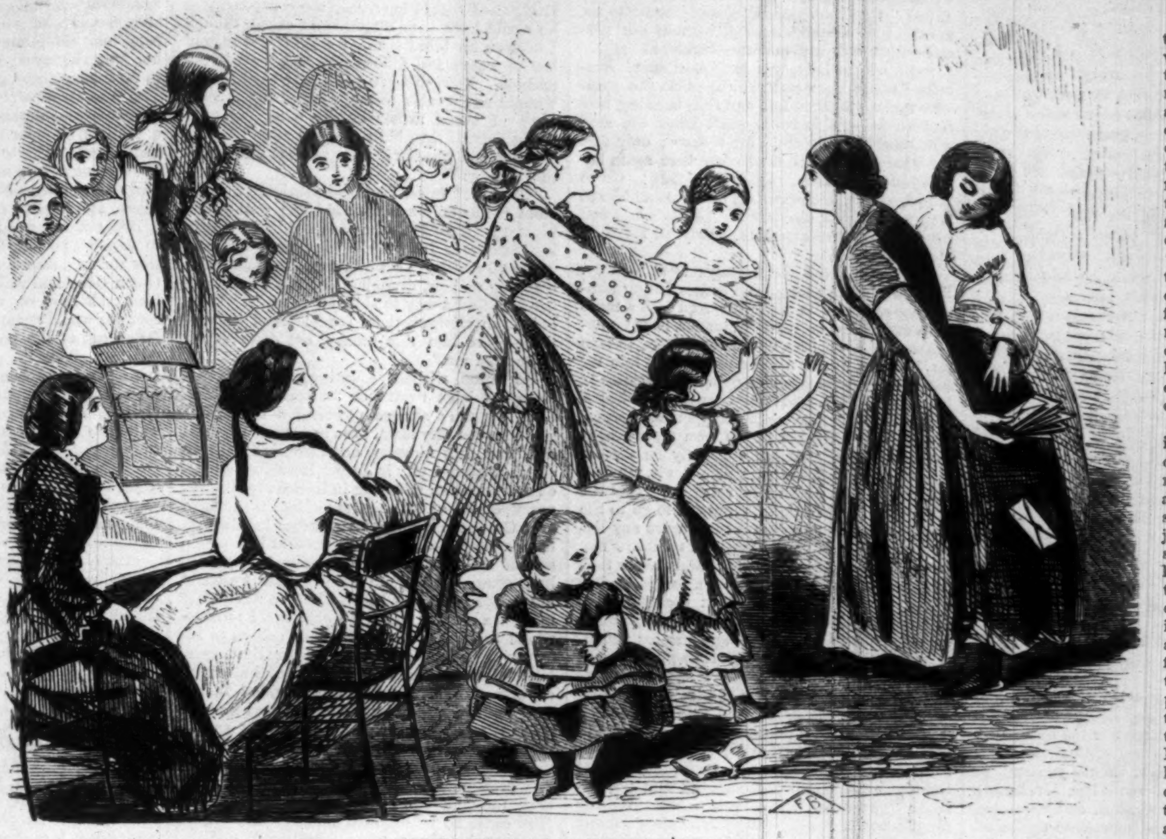


THE RECIPIENT OF THE SENTIMENTAL VALENTINE.

Although the machinery needed for the manufacture of Valentines is of the simplest description—consisting, in great part, of a few embossing presses, some glue, water colors, and the nimble fingers of expert young ladies (the process of manufacture is shown in our engraving)—the capital invested in the business in America amounts to the large sum of $70,000. The profits, to all concerned, from the manu-



MAKING VALENTINES.



BOARDING-SCHOOL ON ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING.

facturer to the smallest retail dealer, are very large. The sales for the last year amounted to over $250,000, exclusive of the lace and embossed paper and embossed envelopes used by those who prefer original to second-hand wit—which, counted in, would bring the amount up to $300,000. A vast sum to be expended in the idle gratification of what has, somehow, become a national whim.

There were sold, we are assured, last year, over three millions of Valentines, ranging in price (retail) from three cents to thirty dollars. Of this, one would think the great bulk should be comic. But the manufacturers assert that the race is very equally divided between "comics" and "sentimentals;" the actual sale being about one and a half millions of each kind, and the sentimental valentines outvaluing the others very largely.

The manufacturers lead the taste of the public in the way of novelties; but it is curious to know that certain parts of the country demand their wares at certain prices. In the Northern and New England States, it is stated, the demand is chiefly for Valentines ranging in price from three cents to three dollars. In the South and West the favorites sell at from twenty-five cents to twenty dollars each. In the large cities a few are sold each year at prices ranging from twenty to fifty dollars each. The Valentines which sell from two dollars upward are mostly inclosed in fancy boxes, which are imported from Paris for the purpose.

Besides these boxes the lace paper, gold and silver lace paper, rice paper, satin and crape, are likewise imported. The finest lace and embossed paper, curiously enough, comes from England, the French being inferior to their neighbors across the channel in this branch of mechanic art. Paper flowers, gold and silver embossed ornaments, mottoes, and medallions of different kinds are also imported. The embossed envelopes and much of the plainer embossed papers are also manufactured in New York, and the verses, views, heads, etc., lithographed in colors, with which Valentines of all prices are decorated, are also prepared here.

Altogether about one hundred hands find employment, the year round, in preparing, assorting, and arranging the materials, and in the embossing, coloring, painting, and other labors which are necessary to complete the three millions of Valentines sold yearly. Of these seventy-five are women, and twenty-five boys and men. The women receive wages according to their taste, skill, and speed in workmanship, varying from three to eight dollars per week. Milliners are counted the best hands, as these have some practice in the arrangement of artificial flowers, and the pleasing combination of colors, on which depends, in great measure, the success of a pattern—as well as greater nicety in handling the minute specimens of decorative art which, properly arranged, make up the high-priced "sentimental Val." Men are employed to move the embossing presses, and boys to daub the "cheap comics," which are to inflame some irritable bachelor, or vex some haughty maiden.

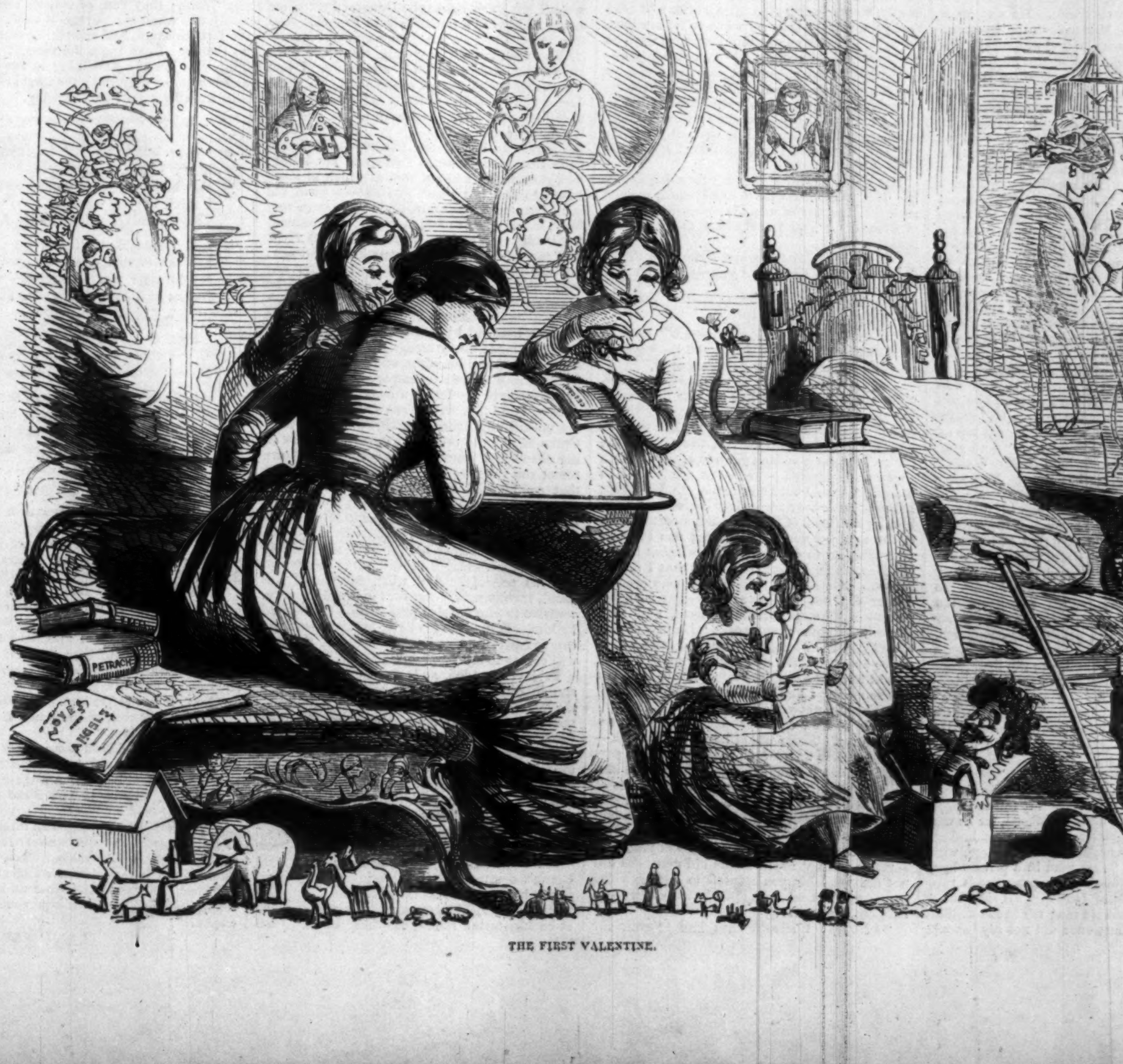
Imported Valentines do not succeed. Many of those containing moving figures are brought from England; but even these ingenious contrivances do not obtain the approval of Brother Jonathan, whose idea of a joke is evidently something entirely different from that of his cousin John Bull. About ten thousand dollars' worth of various styles of Valentines were imported last year, but the venture does not pay. The cash principle is strictly adhered to by our manufacturers. One firm employs three travelers, who start out in October of each year, and return in February, sending home orders meanwhile, and securing trade. The annual rush of business lasts generally about ten days—that is to say, four days before the 14th, and five days after.

In the opinion of our informant, the students of the University of Virginia display uniformly the best taste in their selections, and the orders filled for their use have to be chosen with more care than any others.

We trust the young gentlemen of the University will do honor to our mention of them, by bestowing more than usual care hereafter upon their selection of Valentines. Their cheap comics should be funnier than ever; their "moving figured Vals" should move to risibility not only themselves, but also their recipients. And as to their "sentimental Vals," if they do not, in their choice of these, display the most faultless taste and judgment, they may expect the complaints of their young lady friends to be warmly entertained by the *Lounger of Harper's Weekly*.

In this matter of selecting Valentines we trust all our readers will do justice, not only to themselves, but also to their victims. There should be some point to the joke when young Snobby sends a "cheap comic" to his crusty neighbor over the way. In such case even old Crusty may be induced to laugh, and have a better opinion than before of the wit of his victimizer. And we may be permitted to suggest that there is no point, not even the but-end of a joke, when Mr. Impudence sends a hideous caricature of a cross female to Miss Arethusa, his kind old maiden aunt. He may laugh over his ill-natured jest now. He will not laugh some day, when, looking over the papers of the kind old lady, he shall find there not his ill-natured "cheap comic," but, tied up with ribbon of faded rose color, the courtly proffer of some old-time lover's love, which the good soul could not accept, but valued yet enough to lay away among her hidden treasures.

As for young William's choice of a "sentimental Val" for his adored Anna Maria, that is altogether too solemn and important a matter for us to venture advice upon; and we leave that young man to his fate, with the ardent hope that he may get through the important operation without breaking his heart or spoiling his mustache. One thing, however, he should not attempt; namely, to originate the rhymes with whose jingle the musical ear of Anna Maria is to be made captive. Let him take advice in this particular at least, and borrow of Byron or Moore that which, if constructed by himself will only proclaim him a donkey.



THE FIRST VALENTINE.

HAVELOCK.

[FROM PUNCH.]

He is gone. Heaven's will is best:
Indian turf o'erlies his breast.
Ghoul in black, nor fool in gold
Laid him in yon hallowed mould.
Guarded to a soldier's grave
By the bravest of the brave,
He hath gained a nobler tomb
Than in old cathedral gloom,
Nobler mourners paid the rite
Than the crowd that craves a sight,
England's banners o'er him waved—
Dead, he keeps the realm he saved.
Strew not on the hero's hearse
Garlands of a herald's verse:
Let us hear no words of Fame
Sounding loud a deathless name:
Tell us of no vauntful Glory
Shouting forth her haughty story.
All life long his homage rose
To far other shrine than those.
"*In Hoc Signo*," pale nor dim,
Lit the battle-field for him,
And the prize he sought and won,
Was the Crown for Duty done.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XV.

"When God wills, all winds bring rain."—*Ancient Proverb.*

The manager had not submitted to the loss of his property in Sophy and £100, without taking much vain trouble to recover the one or the other. He had visited Jasper while that gentleman lodged in St. James's, but the moment he hinted at the return of the £100, Mr. Losely opened both door and window, and requested the manager to make his immediate choice of the two. Taking the more usual mode of exit, Mr. Rugge vented his just indignation in a lawyer's letter, threatening Mr. Losely with an action for conspiracy and fraud. He had also more than once visited Mrs. Crane, who somewhat soothed him by allowing that he had been very badly used, that he ought at least to be repaid his money, and promising to do her best to persuade Mr. Losely to "behave like a gentleman." With regard to Sophy herself, Mrs. Crane appeared to feel a profound indifference. In fact, the hatred which Mrs. Crane had unquestionably conceived for Sophy while under her charge, was much diminished by Losely's unnatural conduct toward the child. To her it was probably a matter of no interest whether Sophy was in Rugge's hands or Waife's; enough for her that the daughter of a woman against whose memory her fiercest passions were enlisted was, in either case, so far below herself in the grades of the social ladder.

Perhaps of the two protectors for Sophy—Rugge and Waife—her spite alone would have given the preference to Waife. He was on a still lower step of the ladder than the itinerant manager. Nor, though she had so mortally injured the forlorn cripple in the eyes of Mr. Hartopp, had she any deliberate purpose of revenge to gratify against *him!* On the contrary, if she viewed him with contempt, it was a contempt not unmixed with pity. It was necessary to make to the mayor the communications she had made, or that worthy magistrate would not have surrendered the child intrusted to him, at least until Waife's return. And really it was a kindness to the old man to save him both from an agonizing scene with Jasper, and from the more public opprobrium which any resistance on his part to Jasper's authority, or any altercation between the two, would occasion. And as her main object then was to secure Losely's allegiance to her, by proving her power to be useful to him, so Waifes, and Sophys, and Mayors, and Managers, were to her but as pawns to be moved and sacrificed, according to the leading strategy of her game.

Rugge came now, agitated and breathless, to inform Mrs. Crane that Waife had been seen in London. Mr. Rugge's clown had seen him, not far from the Tower; but the cripple had disappeared before the clown, who was on the top of an omnibus, had time to descend. "And even if he had actually caught hold of Mr. Waife," observed Mrs. Crane, "what then? You have no claim on Mr. Waife."

"But the Phenomenon must be with that ravishing marauder," said Rugge. "However, I have set a minister of justice, that is, ma'am, a detective police, at work; and what I now ask of you is simply this—should it be necessary for Mr. Losely to appear with me before the senate, that is to say, ma'am, a metropolitan police court, in order to prove my legal property in my own bought and paid-for Phenomenon, will you induce that bold, bad man, not again to return the poisoned chalice to my lips?"

"I do not even know where Mr. Losely is—perhaps not in London."

"Ma'am, I saw him last night at the theatre—Princess's. I was in the shilling gallery. He who owes me £100, ma'am—he in a private box!"

"Ah! you are sure; by himself?"

"With a lady, ma'am—a lady in a shawl from Ingee. I know them shawls. My father taught me to know them in early childhood, for he was an ornament to British commerce—a broker, ma'am—pawn! And," continued Rugge, with a withering smile, "that man in a private box, which at the Princess's costs two pounds two, and with the spoils of Ingee by his side, lifted his eye-glass and beheld me; me in the shilling gallery, and his conscience did not say 'should we not change places if I paid that gentleman £100?' Can such things be, and overcome us, ma'am, like a summer-cloud, without our special—I put it to you, ma'am—wonder?"

"Oh, with a lady, was he!" exclaimed Arabella Crane; her wrath, which, while the manager spoke, gathered fast and full, bursting now into words—"His ladies shall know the man who sells his only child for a show; only find out where the girl is, then come here again before you stir further. Oh, with a lady! Go to your detective policeman, or, rather, send him to me; we will first discover Mr. Losely's address. I will pay all the expenses. Rely on my zeal, Mr. Rugge."

Much comforted, the manager went his way. He had not been long gone before Jasper himself appeared. The traitor entered with a more than customary bravado of manner, as if he apprehended a scolding, and was prepared to face it; but Mrs. Crane neither reproached him for his prolonged absence, nor expressed surprise at his return. With true feminine duplicity she received him as if nothing had happened. Jasper, thus relieved, became of his own accord apologetic and explanatory; evidently he wanted something of Mrs. Crane. "The fact is, my dear friend," said he, sinking into a chair, "that the day after I last saw you, I happened to go to the General Post-office to see if there were any letters for me—you smile, you don't believe me. Honor bright—here they are," and Jasper took from the side-pocket of his coat a pocket-book—a new pocket-book—a brilliant pocket-book—fragrant Russian leather—delicately embossed—golden clasps—silken lining—jeweled pencil-case—malachite penknife—an arsenal of nicknacks stored in neat recesses; such a pocket-book as no man ever gives to himself. Sardanapalus would not have given that pocket-book to himself! Such a pocket-book never comes to you, oh, enviable Lotharios, save as tributary keepsakes from the charmers who adore you! Grimly the Adopted Mother eyed that pocket-book. Never had she seen it before. Grimly she pinched her lips. Out of this dainty volume—which would have been of cumbrous size to a slim thread-paper exquisite, but scarcely bulged into ripple the Atlantic expanse of Jasper Losely's magnificent chest—the monster drew forth two letters on French paper—foreign postmarks. He replaced them quickly, only suffering her eye to glance at the address, and continued: "Fancy! that purse-proud Grand Turk of an infidel, though he would not believe me, has been to France—yes, actually to * * * * *—making inquiries evidently with reference to Sophy. The woman who ought to have thoroughly converted him took flight, however, and missed seeing him. Confound her! I ought to have been there. So I have no doubt for the present the Pagan remains stubborn. Gone on into Italy, I hear; doing me, violating the laws of nature, and roving about the world with his own solitary hands in his bottomless pocket, like the Wandering Jew! But, as some slight set-off in my run of ill-luck, I find at the Post-office a pleasanter letter than the one which brings me this news: A rich elderly lady, who has no family, wants to adopt a nice child, will take Sophy; make it worth my while to let her have Sophy. 'Tis convenient in a thousand ways to settle one's child comfortably in a rich house—establishes rights, subject, of course, to *cheques* which would not affront *me*—a Father! But the first thing requisite is to catch Sophy; 'tis in that I ask your help—you are so clever. Best of creatures! what could I do without you? As you say, whenever I want a friend I come to you—Bella!"

Mrs. Crane surveyed Jasper's face deliberately. It is strange how much more readily women read the thoughts of men than men detect those of women. "You know where the child is," said she, slowly.

"Well, I take it for granted she is with the old man; and I have seen him—seen him yesterday."

"Go on; you saw him—where?"

"Near London Bridge."

"What business could you possibly have in that direction? Ah! I guess, the railway-station—to Dover—you are going abroad?"

"No such thing—you are so horridly suspicious. But it is true I had been to the station inquiring after some luggage or parcels which a friend of mine had ordered to be left there—now, don't interrupt me. At the foot of the bridge I caught a sudden glimpse of the old man—changed—altered—aged—one eye lost. You had said I should not know him again, but I did; I should never have recognized his face. I knew him by the build of the shoulder, a certain turn of the arms—I don't know what; one knows a man familiar to one from birth without seeing his face. Oh, Bella! I declare that I felt as soft—as soft as the silliest muff who ever—" Jasper did not complete his comparison, but paused a moment, breathing hard, and then broke into another sentence. "He was selling something in a basket—matches, boot-straps, deuce knows what. He! a clever man, too! I should have liked to drop into that d—d basket all the money I had about me."

"Why did not you?"

"Why? How could I? He would have recognized me. There would have been a scene—a row—a flare up—a mob round us, I dare say. I had no idea it would so upset me; to see him selling matches, too; glad we did not meet at Gatesboro'. Not even for that £100 do I think I could have faced him. No—as he said when we last parted, 'The world is wide enough for both.' Give me some brandy—thank you."

"You did not speak to the old man—he did not see you—but you wanted to get back the child; you felt sure she must be with him; you followed him home?"

"I? No; I should have had to wait for hours. A man like me, loitering about London Bridge!—I should have been too conspicuous—he would have soon caught sight of me, though I kept on his blind side. I employed a ragged boy to watch and follow him, and here is the address. Now, will you get Sophy back for me without any trouble to me, without my appearing? I would rather charge a regiment of Horse Guards than bully that old man."

"Yet you would rob him of that child—his sole comfort?"

"Bother!" cried Losely, impatiently: "the child can be only a burden to him; well out of his way; 'tis for the sake of that child he is selling matches! It would be the greatest charity we could do him to set him free from that child sponging on him, dragging him down; without her he'd find a way to shift for himself. Why, he's even cleverer than I am! And there—there—give him this money, but don't say it came from me."

He thrust, without counting, several sovereigns—at least twelve or fourteen—into Mrs. Crane's palm; and so powerful a charm has goodness the very least, even in natures the most evil, that that unusual, eccentric, inconsistent gleam of human pity in Jasper Losely's benighted soul, shed its relenting influence over the angry, wrathful, and vindictive feelings with which Mrs. Crane the moment before regarded the perfidious miscreant; and she gazed at him with a sort of melancholy wonder. What! though so little sympathizing with affection that he could not comprehend that he was about to rob the old man of a comfort which no gold could repay—what! though so contemptuously callous to his own child—yet there in her hand lay the unmistakable token that a something of humanity, compunction, compassion, still lingered in the breast of the greedy cynic; and at that thought all that was softest in her own human nature moved toward him—indulgent—gentle. But in the rapid changes of the heart-feminine, the very sentiment that touched upon love brought back the jealousy that bordered upon hate. How came he by so much money? more than days ago, he, the insatiate spendthrift, had received for his taskwork? And that Pocket-book!

"You have suddenly grown rich, Jasper?"

For a moment he looked confused, but replied, as he re-helped himself to the brandy, "Yes, *rouge-et-noir*—luck. Now do go and see after this affair, that's a dear, good woman. Get the child to-day, if you can. I will call here in the evening."

"Should you take her, then, abroad at once to this worthy lady who will adopt her? If so, we shall meet, I suppose, no more; and I am assisting you to forget that I live still."

"Abroad—that crotchet of yours again. You are quite mistaken—in fact, the lady is in London. It was for her effects that I went to the station. Oh, don't be jealous—quite elderly."

"Jealous, my dear Jasper; you forget. I am as your mother. One of your letters, then, announced this lady's intended arrival. You were in correspondence with this—elderly lady?"

"Why, not exactly in correspondence. But when I left Paris I gave the General Post-office as my address to a few friends in France. And this lady, who took an interest in my affairs (ladies, whether old or young, who have once known me, always do), was aware that I had expectations with respect to the child. So, some days ago, when I was so badly off, I wrote a line to tell her that Sophy had been no go, and that but for a dear friend (that is you) I might be on the *pavé*. In her answer, she said she should be in London as soon as I received her letter; and gave me an address here at which to learn where to find her when arrived—a good old soul, but strange to London. I have been very busy, helping her to find a house, recommending tradesmen, and so forth. She likes style, and can afford it. A pleasant house enough; but our quiet evenings here spoil me for any thing else. Now get on your bonnet, and let me see you off."

"On one condition, my dear Jasper; that you stay here till I return."

Jasper made a wry face. But, as it was near dinner-time, and he never wanted for appetite, he at length agreed to employ the interval of her absence in discussing a meal, which experience had told him Mrs. Crane's new cook would, not unskillfully, though hastily, prepare. Mrs. Crane left him to order the dinner, and put on her shawl and bonnet. But, gaining her own room, she rung for Bridgett Greggs; and when that confidential servant appeared, she said: "In the side-pocket of Mr. Losely's coat there is a Pocket-book; in it there are some letters which I must see. I shall appear to go out, leave the street-door ajar, that I may slip in again unobserved. You will serve dinner as soon as possible. And when Mr. Losely, as usual, exchanges his coat for the dressing-gown, contrive to take out that pocket-book unobserved by him. Bring it to me here, in this room: you can as easily replace it afterward. A moment will suffice to my purpose."

Bridgett nodded, and understood. Jasper, standing by the window, saw Mrs. Crane leave the house, walking briskly. He then threw himself on the sofa, and began to doze: the doze deepened, and became sleep. Bridgett, entering to lay the cloth, so found him. She approached on tiptoe—sniffed the perfume of the pocket-book—saw its gilded corners peep forth from its lair. She hesitated—she trembled—she was in mortal fear of that truculent slumberer; but sleep lessens the awe thieves feel, or heroes inspire. She has taken the pocket-book—she has fled with the booty—she is in Mrs. Crane's apartment, not five minutes after Mrs. Crane has regained its threshold.

Rapidly the jealous woman ransacked the pocket-book—started to see, elegantly worked with gold threads, in the lining, the words, "Souviens-toi de ta Gabrielle"—no other letters, save the two, of which Jasper had vouchsafed to her but the glimpse. Over these she hurried her glittering eyes; and when she restored them to their place, and gave back the book to Bridgett, who stood by, breathless and listening, lest Jasper should awake, her face was colorless, and a kind of shudder seemed to come over her. Left alone, she rested her face on her hand, her lips moving as if in self-commune. Then, noiselessly she glided down the stairs, regained the street, and hurried fast upon her way.

Bridgett was not in time to restore the book to Jasper's pocket, for when she re-entered he was turning round and stretching himself between sleep and waking. But she dropped the book skillfully on the floor, close beside the sofa; it would seem to him, on waking, to have fallen out of the pocket in the natural movements of sleep.

And in fact, when he rose, dinner now on the table, he picked up the pocket-book without suspicion. But it was lucky that Bridgett had not waited for the opportunity suggested by her mistress. For when Jasper put on the dressing-gown, he observed that his coat wanted brushing; and, in giving it to the servant for that purpose, he used the precaution of taking out the pocket-book, and placing it in some other receptacle of his dress.

Mrs. Crane returned in less than two hours—returned with a disappointed look, which at once prepared Jasper for the intelligence that the birds to be entrapped had flown.

"They went away this afternoon," said Mrs. Crane, tossing Jasper's sovereigns on the table, as if they burned her fingers. "But leave the fugitives to me. I will find them."

Jasper relieved his angry mind by a series of guilty but meaningless expletives; and then, seeing no farther use to which Mrs. Crane's wits could be applied at present, finished the remainder of her brandy, and wished her good-night, with a promise to call again, but without any intimation of his own address. As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Crane once more summoned Bridgett.

"You told me last week that your brother-in-law, Simpson, wished to go to America, that he had the offer of employment there, but that he could not afford the fare of the voyage. I promised I would help him if it was a service to you."

"You are a hangel, Miss!" exclaimed Bridgett, dropping a low courtesy—so low that it seemed as if she was going on her knees. "And may you have your deserts in the next blessed world, where there are no black-hearted villings."

"Enough, enough," said Mrs. Crane, recoiling, perhaps, from that grateful benediction. "You have been faithful to me, as none else have ever been; but this time I do not serve you in return so much as I meant to do. The service is reciprocal, if your brother-in-law will do me a favor. He takes with him his daughter, a mere child. Bridgett, let them enter their names on the steam-vessel as William and Sophy Waife; they can, of course, resume their own name when the voyage is over. There is the fare for them, and something more. Pooh, no thanks. I can spare the money. See your brother-in-law the first thing in the morning; and remember they go by the next vessel, which sails from Liverpool on Thursday."

LOTTY LOWE.

Lotty Lowe, Lotty Lowe,
You know my love, you know my woe,
I think of you where'er I go
You charming, wicked Lotty Lowe!

Lotty Lowe, Lotty Lowe,
See the crested corn-cobs grow—
My love for you grows twice as fast,
But at this rate things can not last.

Lotty Lowe, Lotty Lowe,
I wonder if your tears will flow
If you some day behold a grave
Down by the red Missouri's wave.

Ah, Lotty Lowe, the summer flies!
Ah, Lotty Lowe, the green leaf dies!
I need not fall, I need not flee,
If you a summer make for me!

WHAT A BOTTLE OF BRANDY DID.

AN EPISODE IN THE "PATRIOT WAR."

"We came more than once very near fighting," said the Canadian Colonel, as we watched the first "regular train" crossing the Niagara Suspension Bridge.

"About the *Caroline* affair, do you mean?"

"No. That was not the most critical time, though Sir Francis Head, the most wrong-headed fellow in her Majesty's service, did his best to put things into a muddle."

"Was it when we caught that poor fool M'Leod, and came so near hanging him?"

"No. It was before that. Both Governments had time to get cool, and saw that it was folly to go to war about him."

"Still, if he had been found guilty of the murder of Duffy, we must have hung him; and as your Government had assumed the responsibility of the affair, how could you avoid making it a case of war?"

"A little diplomacy settled all that. We agreed to find witnesses who would swear to an *alibi*, and you agreed to believe them. Upon my honor, I think you undertook the more difficult task."

"How and when was it that we came so near coming to blows? and what prevented the catastrophe?"

"It was prevented by a bottle of bad brandy. The affair is a portion of the unwritten history of the times, and is worth the telling."

"How was it, Colonel?"

"It was not long after the burning of the *Caroline*, and there was excitement enough on both sides of the line. We had a couple of thousand men, and the Patriots were encamped on Navy Island. We had no very definite information as to their numbers. Some said there were five hundred; others guessed them at three times as many. But few or many, they had plenty of artillery and small arms, as I once came near finding out to my cost when I approached the Island in command of a reconnoitring force. They peppered away at us, and it is a wonder that we were not blown out of the water. We had fitted out an armed flotilla, consisting of two schooners and a couple of scows, for the purpose of covering a landing upon the Island. But as we could not at the time command a sufficient number of boats, our squadron lay inactive in the river a few miles above. Your Government had in the mean time sent General Scott to the frontiers to try and keep the peace. A noble fellow is the General! He has saved you and us more than one war. Don't you think your Government is acting rather shabbily, quibbling about a few dollars more or less?"

"It looks like it, Colonel. But depend upon it, all will be right at last. The country knows too well what it owes to the old veteran to suffer any injustice to be done to him."

"Well," continued the Colonel, "we lay in the river commanding the access to Navy Island, and General Scott had erected a battery on the shore commanding us, and within point-blank range. About this time the little steamer *Barcelona* dropped down from Buffalo to Fort Schlosser, carrying, as every body supposed, recruits and supplies to our neighbors on Navy Island. However, we ascertained from our spies that her papers were all regular—a peaceful trader plying between two American ports—and we could not interfere. We afterward learned that she had commenced running between Schlosser and Navy Island on 'picnic' excursions and such-like peaceful errands. We had no means of hindering *that*, and said nothing.

"One day intelligence reached our head-quarters at Chippewa that the *Barcelona* was about to ascend the river to Buffalo for further supplies. To do this she must come within reach of our flotilla, and our commander, Captain Graham, received orders from Colonel M'Nab and Captain Drew to arrest her. But on the very day before she was to ascend, Colonel Hughes of the 24th arrived at Chippewa; and as he outranked M'Nab, he took the command. His first step was to forbid Captain Drew to interfere with any vessel ascending the river under American colors. Much against his will the Captain was forced to send an order to this effect to the commander of the flotilla.

"At dinner Colonel Hughes changed his mind, and sent to Graham an order to 'Stop the *Barcelona*, peaceably, if possible; but at all events to stop her.'"

"The mess must have had very good Port," suggested we.

"Very likely they did; and it came near costing us dear," rejoined the Colonel. "I am an old soldier now, and may safely own that I did not at all relish our position. It was easy enough, to be sure, for us to stop the *Barcelona*. We could have blown her out of the water in two minutes; but, unluckily, Scott's battery could do *us* the same kind turn in about three-fourths of the time. We soon had evidence that he was quite determined to do so if necessary. For hardly had we received our orders to stop the *Barcelona*, before a boat approached the flotilla from the American shore with a message from General Scott to the effect that, if we interfered with the steamer, he should consider it equivalent to a declaration of war, and would sink our squadron *instanter*. We were very well aware that a couple of rounds from his battery would be quite sufficient for the purpose.

"Our bluff Captain replied that he had orders to stop the *Barcelona*, and stop her he would. So we took a quiet glass of brandy and smoked a cigar with the very gentlemanly young American officer who had brought us General Scott's message, which, under the circumstances, was equivalent to our death-warrant. He took a very courteous leave of us and returned to the American side.

"'Old Graham,' as we called him, now issued his orders to the vessels of the squadron. We were to put springs on our cables, so as to be able to engage the American battery, after we had taken the *Barcelona*. Considering how completely we were in its power, this would have appeared a capital joke, had it not been a matter of life and death.

"I very well knew that Old Graham would go to the bottom before he would swerve from obeying orders; but being, as I have said, a young officer, it would not do to show any alarm; so I turned in to what was likely to be my last night's sleep.

"The morning broke gloriously. The thermometer stood a number of degrees below zero, and a sharp north wind blew away the mist, and showed the trees on both banks glittering in the rays of the rising sun, as though every twig was hung with diamonds. By-and-by we saw the *Barcelona* shoot out from the island, and move slowly up stream toward us. Orders were passed to light our slow matches, in readiness for action. At this moment the bugles in the American batteries sounded a call; we could see the gunners fall into their places, load their pieces, and bring a couple of them to bear directly upon each of our vessels. We were so near that we could actually see them light their slow matches.

"All this time the *Barcelona* kept creeping up toward us. She was a slow boat at best, and wind and current being against her, she did not make more than a couple of miles an hour; but even at this rate, half an hour would bring her up to us, when we were sure Graham would order us to fire upon her; which we were just as sure would be followed by Scott's firing upon us, and sending us to keep her company at the bottom. It would have been an even chance which of us went first over the Falls.

"Just at this moment we saw a dragoon on our side hailing us, and holding up a dispatch from head-quarters. A gig was sent, and the document was brought on board. It was from Colonel Hughes, and was short, and to the point:

"'Under no circumstance will Captain Graham interfere with any vessel bearing the American flag.'

"I am not now afraid to own that I was delighted at this new order, though I would not then have acknowledged it for the world. Graham swore like a trooper, but had no other alternative than to give orders to the commanders of the other vessels to let the *Barcelona* pass. They swore too, and seemed vastly grieved that they had lost such a capital chance of going to the bottom.

"Meanwhile the *Barcelona* puffed lazily up, and as she passed between our vessels we were saluted with a cheer from her decks, which in no wise tended to soothe our ruffled feelings.

"Hardly was the steamer out of sight, when a boat was seen approaching us from Chippewa. It bore an officer charged to arrest Captain Graham for disobedience of orders and neglect of duty in suffering the *Barcelona* to pass. He was sent to head-quarters to give an account of himself. He produced the dispatch forbidding him to interfere with any vessel under American colors. Its purport was unmistakable, and there was no doubt of the genuineness of the signature of Colonel Hughes; but it was neither dated nor numbered.

"The whole matter was soon explained. It seems that Captain Lockwood was in command of a troop of dragoons, who were on patrol duty along the river. Happening early in the morning to enter a small grog-shop midway between Chippewa and the station of the flotilla, he espied a dragoon stretched out on the floor, as drunk as a lord. Upon searching him an order was found on his person, directed to 'Captain Graham, in command of the flotilla.' Lockwood at once dispatched this by his own orderly, the original bearer being too drunk to explain how long it had been in his possession. It turned out to be the first order of Colonel Hughes, sent *before dinner* on the preceding day; and to which he had fortunately forgotten to affix any date or number. Graham receiving it the day after, very naturally concluded that it was subsequent to the one ordering him to stop the *Barcelona*; and so, sorely against his grain, he allowed her to pass."

"Had the dragoon kept sober, he would have delivered his dispatch the day before?" suggested we.

"And Graham would have stopped the *Barcelona*, and—"

"Scott would have fired upon your flotilla, and—"

"I should not have had the pleasure of narrating this incident to you."

"War would have been inevitable, think you?"

"How could it have been avoided, with Sir Francis Head to give his version of the story to our Government, and the red-hot 'sympathizers' on your side?"

"We should have 'annexed' the Canadas," said I, confidently.

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not. At all events not before our fleet had bombarded New York and Boston," replied the Colonel.

"If you had gone to war with us seventeen years ago, you would hardly have been in a condition to have fought Russia, just now."

"Nor would you have cared to fight Mexico, and the gold of California would not have been discovered."

"Quite possibly," assented we.

"So," moralized the Colonel, "that bottle of bad brandy has changed the course of the world's history for a century."

THE PILOT'S WIFE.

BRAVELY the Pilot sailed to sea,
  Down the Bay and out of the Narrows;
His sails were trim, and the wind was free,
  And his crew were merry as morning sparrows;
But none were blither of heart than he,
  As he went sailing out of the Narrows.

He sailed to meet the mighty ships,
  From distant countries across the ocean,
With a jolly sea-ditty upon his lips
  That sang of a sailor's brave devotion.
So with trolling tongue, and hands on hips,
  The Pilot went sailing over the ocean.

But by-and-by the sky grew black,
  And he heard the growl of the fierce nor'wester;
So he looked to his boat, and altered her tack,
  And cried, "Now, boys, we're about to test her;
For, sure as I float, we're right in the track
  Of a tearing, swearing old nor'wester!"

The clouds came down like a wild-fowl flight,
  And the north-winds roared their awful chorus;
The lightning flashed through the stormy night,
  Till the skies themselves seemed split and porous;
And the brave boat sank in that ocean white,
  While crew and captain prayed in chorus!

But the Pilot's wife, from red sunrise,
  Sits at the Battery, waiting gravely
To see her husband's number arise
  When he shall sail through the Narrows bravely.
Ah! how patient and calm her eyes,
  As she sits at the Battery, waiting gravely!

The boatmen loafing on bench and grass,
  As they look on her feel their heart-strings soften;
They touch their hats when they see her pass,
  To the sad look-out where she sits so often.
"Poor thing!" they cry, "she is crazed, alas!"
  And their rough old hearts on a sudden soften.

LEAVES FROM A CHRISTMAS-TREE;

OR, THOUGHTS THAT HANG ON PLAYTHINGS.

PLEASURE is but a ball that a child runs after so long as it keeps rolling, but which he kicks away from him the moment it stops.

The character that has holes pierced in it isn't worth a pin, and you can say the same of a child's drum.

The child takes a pleasure in blowing its trumpet. What is music to itself is discord to others; and yet it will persevere for hours. The man becomes often as great a nuisance when he allows his vanity to be incessantly pushing him before others to blow his own trumpet!

A gong that is sounded too loudly only startles people. So, in sounding your praises, you can not do it with too light a hand. If you sound them too thumpingly persons will only run away from you, or else put their fingers in their ears, to prevent their being bored with such empty noise.

The performer on a tin fiddle reminds one of the prosperous fool who is always boasting of having accumulated a large fortune.

We generally make the most of any little danger. We shriek one moment and laugh at our fears the next, like young ladies pulling bonbon crackers. Most apprehensions have a ridiculous or a pleasant termination. The end is generally a motto or a sweetmeat.

The doll that speaks too frequently ends badly. The possession of its gift is the cause of its destruction. To find out the secret of its inspiration it is picked to pieces. It is the fate of genius all over.

Scandal flies much like a kite, according to the length of the *tale* it has to carry.

At Christmas-time, in the society of children, every one is *presentable*; but more especially he who comes laden with presents.

Whipping may make a bumming-top go spinningly enough; but it is thrown away on boys. Xerxes, after his ships were wrecked, flogged the sea; but we never heard of the sea having taken a moral turn from that moment. In the same way many boys are wrecked at school, and the schoolmaster in his rage flogs the boy for it.

The full mind, like a money-box that is full, makes no noise; but the empty mind, like a money-box with only two or three coins in it, keeps up such an incessant rattle that its emptiness soon betrays itself to all.

A wooden sword has this advantage—that it doesn't wear out the scabbard. The same can be said of a body with a wooden soul in it!

It is pleasant to see a green old age, like a Christmas-tree, comfortably boxed in at home. It is pleasant to see its trunk, bent beneath the weight of riches, surrounded by a host of happy children. It is pleasant to see it stretching out its hospitable arms to all, as though it were anxious to embrace the entire party. It is pleasant to see it blossoming with generous things, and shedding a cheerful light on the gay circle it delights in drawing around it. And it is pleasant to see it distributing with a lavish hand the treasures it has accumulated on all branches, and to notice its head rising higher every time it parts with a fresh gift!

THE WRONG BURGLAR.

"PERHAPS I should say the 'wronged' burglar," said my friend Barrister H—— (from whom I received the following narrative as we were steaming down from Albany last week behind the locomotive "Superior"); "wronged, because he was legally convicted of one burglary, when he was only morally guilty of another."

Returning from the Court of Appeals, we had been giving reminiscences of our early professional career. What preceded the story is unnecessary to recount.

"I had unsuccessfully defended him before Recorder Riker, nearly a quarter century since, for breaking into a Pearl Street store"—was the point at which I pursue my friend's narrative. "The testimony fixed him in the vicinity of the crime, and he could not explain his presence there, nor could he give testimony of that good character which the Judges in Cancemi's case have just held of such weight—so much so, that we shall never again convict men of a *first* offense! But he was not guilty, and why not I will tell" (continued H——), "as I paraphrase his own story, narrated in his cell the night before he went up.

"'Stony Davis and I,' said the culprit, 'and by Stony Davis I means the hard-faced man as brought you the fee (we've been pals for thirty years), were agoing that night to pay a sort of outside visit to a German store in Maiden Lane. When we looks around a place to see about bolts, and inside fixins, and who leaves last and cums fust, and where the safe-keys are left, and all sich-like things, that's wot we calls an outside visit. It's never policy to go into a store and take things fust off: that ought to be left to another time—and the blowing, washy nights, them's the times for a full crack! Well, Stony Davis and me was there with our jimmy and lantern when the alarm from Pearl Street was given, and Stony was fool enough to run, instead of dodging into an area. Of course I had to follow, and that made the pavement tramp the harder; but as Stony ran fastest he got off. I was nabbed with the jimmy, and that killed me on the trial, as you sed it would. But the porter's gabber about recognizing me in the daytime prowling about the store was lively fancy, cos I never seed the place nowise. It was good retribution, as the Judge called it, though; for among my first burglaries in London, afore I come over, I shot one of his tribe—one of those porter men: and I dare say I'm to be punished for that after all the years gone by since it wer done. When that thing happened, they arrested no end of wrong chaps for that, and the Coroner blundered hisself into a mess. This was the way. The store had a little house next to it. Stony Davis and I hired rooms there, as emigrants just come over from Antwerp, and the rooms were against the store. Maybe we didn't look German though, with our false beards and pipes. The big chests over which the landlord and the carriers sweated were filled with pieces of scrap-iron! We kept up a very good character there for a week, and made one or two visits inside of the store about a bogus draft we had, and looked around pretty well fust. But one Saturday night, about midnight, we began operations. The windows were hung with sheets and heavy brown paper, and the door was well stuffed. The feather-bed spread on the floor was to catch the pieces of mortar; and, by good luck, the floor of the second story of the store started from about my height. Stony Davis had laid in a good five gallon of ale, and we went at it by turns. There was two walls to break through, and we couldn't give hard blows, but had to pick as it were. The fust wall must have been built fifty year—the mortar was a sight harder than the brick. So it was ten o'clock Sunday morning, at least, afore we got a hole through, and we were pretty near gone—nothin' but the ale kept us up. Next we had to widen the hole by chunking and scraping it, but that was not so bad; still it was afternoon before we got it well through. Stony Davis was tougher than I—there's where he gets his name from—so he went in fust, and I followed. We struck a light, and, blazes! what a sight. They had been taking what the tradesfolk call "account stock," and there had been no end of measurin' and unfolding. The shawls and silks and satins were piled on the counters. Stony Davis fairly hugged me, and sez he, "Plimmy, my dear, we can go half over England and not find this, and now we shall live like publicans!" So we went right to work. Shawls we gave the go-by—they are too bulky, and don't sell to the nunkies and fences so well. Velvets, them's the go! So are satins. They make sweet packages, and stow away like ribbons! It didn't take long to get the scrap-iron out of one chest, and put in the things. The papers said what was right: every blessed bit of velvet and satin went, and how *we* lost them too you'll see in a minute. When the chest was full, we agreed to send Stony Davis off t'other side of Holborn, to Jew Mose, and fence the swag. We dressed up German again, as if "*mine frien*" was going away. There was a carrier hard by, although it was Sunday—he had been carrying a small-pox corpse to a grave-yard, and was in spirits for a job to ventilate himself—so we got him. Blowed if the street warn't charmed with the tears I shed over "mine frien" at the door as we parted. I kissed him on the nose and ears and every where—false hair and all, I was so sorry; even the carrier thought we were parting forever. And then, Stony off, I went back to my lonely German exile, *alias* (as indictments say) the store, to stow away some light stuff in a bundle—ribbons and such things. I don't know what possessed me, but I thought I would go down stairs and examine the safe. Taking my lantern, jimmy, file, oil bottle, and some vitriol in its stone case, I went down stairs, and, to my delight, found, by turning my master wire about, that the double lock was not turned—only the upper padlock held. Them was the infancy of safes, and afore Hobbs's time of day. In an instant, regardless of every thing, I applied the vitriol to the padlock, and filled the socket full so as to soften the hasp. I sat down on a chair to wait a bit. That was as bad a piece of bad luck as ever comes to a cracksman. I had been hard at work nearly twenty hours, and the excitement was wearing away. What wonder I fell asleep? I dreamed I was in a bank vault with nothing but gold. I tossed it—I tumbled it about—I scooped it up—I shoveled it with my boots—I laid down and kissed it—I filled my pockets with it—and then fell to counting it, by thousands, into bags! It was a glorified dream. I have had many such—even in prison. Talk of sperrits or wines! There's nothing like the sight or touch of gold to bring the reel to a cracksman's brain.

"'I awoke from it!

"'Horrible! Not three feet from me stood a man. I shall never forget the smile upon his face as he looked. There was triumph and glee in every line of his lips as they worked up and down sort of maliciously like—just the smile which you see on a policeman's face when he sez to himself, "*Now, my fine fellow, I've got you foul!*" I looked for but an instant. I saw the thing at once, and how, betrayed by the yawning muss, I had been discovered. Just as quick as I strike my knee with this hand I sprang for his throat and caught it. He dropped like a plummet in water when it sounds "thug," and my free hand was got over his mouth. The lantern was just going out; but over his shoulder I could see a streak of light as if from a street lamp. That told me he had come in and left the front door ajar. I thought for another instant had he persons in company? for if he had I would have let him go. To kill him at such odds would have been a fearful waste of my life. I held him so, by throat and mouth, for full three minutes, and listened eager-like. He seemed paralyzed. I heard nothing near by; but a clock began to strike nine a few streets away. Then he began to struggle. I collected all my strength and turned him to the floor. "Are you alone?" said I. He wheezed a fearful "Yes." So much the better, thought I to myself. The lantern-wick gave a spiteful sputter—flashed up and went out. By the flash he must have seen the resolution on my face, for he gave a fearful roll and freed his mouth; but my grip weakened his voice to a whisper. There we were—in the dark—and oh, *so* dark! and he so near the *great* dark! He whispered, "I'll—open—the—safe; I'll—give—you—all; but—spare—my—life." For a moment I relented. I had never exactly killed a man—only stood by at it—but I knew what I'd suffer if I let him go. So I knelt upon his breast, tightened his throat, and held him. How he rolled! It seemed a year before he was still—and then he was *very* still. I didn't need to light a match to look at him, as I first tho't I would do. I *felt* his look, and saw the smile stiffen into a spasm. Then I stepped softly to the door, shut it, and went out. I forgot about ribbons, safe, hole in the wall, and every thing after that.

"'I walked boldly away for a few blocks, and then ran for it three miles over to Jew Moses's. Stony was there with the chest, and the bargain was being struck. That rascal, Moses, saw by my face something had happened. Indeed my right palm was bloody where the blood must have run from the man's nose. "Holy Abraham!" said the infernal rascal, "have you been at dog's mischief?" I nodded. "Then I gives you up. These trifles here—found in your house as they will be—may hang *you*." I broke in, "and if you dare to Jew me I'll blab the fust!" Stony stepped in and the quarrel was stopped; but the upshot of that business was, the Jew got all the goods—moved off to where we never knew—which was lucky for all of us when the carrier turned up—and we got not a farthing. They wos worth £1000; for the papers the next day was full of the thing. It is nigh ten years ago at this time of my tellin' you; but I remember the whole matter. It seems the porter was found in the morning dead. The holes in the wall explained every thing as to how and why he died. It seemed too, from his wife's story, that he remembered in evening church about the safe, and went down to lock it. There was fifteen thousand sovereigns in gold in it, paid into the store after bank hours Saturday. Stony Davis and I grieved over the thing more for the gold than the man. We went off to Liverpool and so to Dublin. How little we made by that night's work has been often talked over by Stony Davis and I since we've jobbed together in 'Meriky.'

"I was more shocked by his hardness of soul than I can now tell you" (concluded H——); "but it had just this effect with me—I never again defended a villain. First offenders and the unfortunate I always attended to, but never rascals. Perhaps, too, that incident gave me my taste for prosecutions— But here is Thirty-first Street; and now to supper and bed with what appetite we may."

LOOKING INTO THE WELL.

I.

UP in the maples the robins sung,
The winds blew over the locusts high,
And along the path by their boughs o'erhung
We wandered gayly—Lulu and I—
Wandered along in pleasant talk,
Pausing our nursery tales to tell,
Till we came to the end of the shaded walk,
And sat, at last, by the moss-grown well.
She was a child, and so was I,
It mattered not that we told our love—
Whispered it there, with no one nigh
Save birds that sang in the trees above.
I looked down into her shy blue eyes,
She at my face in the shaded well;
I saw the glow to her fair cheek rise,
Like red in the heart of an ocean shell.

II.

Again in the trees the robins sung—
The gold had deepened upon her hair—
The locusts over the pathway hung,
To look at her face, so still and fair.
I said no word—I sat by her side,
Contented to hold her hand in mine,
Dreaming of love and a fair young bride—
Visions that truth had made divine.
The robin's song took a clearer tone,
The sky was a tenderer, deeper blue;
Her face in the limpid waters shone,
I thought her eyes were holy and true.

III.

I walked alone to the shaded well,
When locusts bloomed in the next year's June—
The shadows along my pathway fell,
The wild birds sang a sorrowful tune.
She had given her shining hair's young gold,
Her holy brow and her eyes of blue,
The form I had scarcely dared to fold,
To a wealthy suitor who came to woo—
Sold, for jewels and land and name,
Youth and beauty and love and grace—
Alone I cursed the sin and shame,
And started to see my own dark face
Mirrored there in the well below,
With its haggard cheek and its lines of care,
Where I once had seen a girlish brow,
And shy blue eyes and golden hair.

IV.

Years have passed since that summer day
Went over the hills with its silent tread:
I walk alone where its glory lay—
I am lonely, and Lulu is dead.
Dust is thick on her shining hair,
A shroud is folded across her breast,
The winds blow over the locusts where
She lies at last, alone and at rest.
Youth and beauty, and love and grace,
Wealth and station, joy and pain;
If she dreams at all in that lonely place,
She will know, at length, that her life was vain.

V.

I do not think of her heart's disgrace,
Looking into the waters there,
For I seem to see once more a face
With shy blue eyes and golden hair.
Out among men she walks by my side—
For me she lives whom the world call dead—
I talk, at night, to my shadow bride,
And pillow, in dreams, her golden head.
They broke her heart—so the gossips tell—
Who sold her hand for wealth and a name;
But I see her face in the cool, deep well,
And its virginal beauty is still the same.

Miscellany.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.

Is there any thing like the ringing laugh of an innocent, happy child? Can any other music so echo through the heart's inner chambers? It is sympathetic, too, beyond other melodies. When the father sits absorbed over his book, which seems to concentrate every faculty, he hears his little boy laughing in his sports, and laughs also, he knows not wherefore. The bright being, continually gathering intelligence, casts around us gems of thought and pearls of affection, till our paths seem paved with precious stones from Heaven's treasury. No day of storms is dark where he is, no wintry evening long. A young child is a full fountain of delight to the house and heart.—*Mrs. Sigourney's "Lucy Howard."*

JUBA AT A FRENCH WATER CURE.

THEN there were riddles, guessing of proverbs, and various plays attended by forfeits. It was once allotted to me as a punishment to dance some ridiculous dance; and having, in the leisure of my boyhood, mastered the negro *Juba*, I gave it out with marked emphasis. It proved a season hit; it was *comique! charmant! tres curieux!* Not only was I called on for a repetition night after night, but several persons wanted to learn the step of me; and one of the most fanatical in carrying this point was a severe Swiss minister, a man of the Boanerges type, with stern black eyes, and a long black beard of apostolic dignity. Over and over again did my reverend disciple carefully watch my feet while I danced the Juba, and then set himself, with solemn perseverance, to imitate the complicated caper. Such a blessing followed his efforts that he very soon had the step at his fingers' ends, or rather at his toes' ends; and day after day I used to hear him double-shuffle, or hoe corn and dig potatoes around the billiard-room and down the passage, by way of a reaction after his bath. He told me that he wanted to amuse his children with the dance; and I only hope that it diverted them as much as it diverted their papa.—*De Forrest's "European Acquaintance."*

TALKING NONSENSE.

"To write or talk concerning any subject," says Coleridge, "without having previously taken the pains to understand it, is a breach of the duty which we owe to ourselves, though it may be no offense against the laws of the land. The privilege of talking, and even publishing, nonsense is necessary in a free state; but the more sparingly we make use of it the better."

GENTEEL RECOVERY OF A SNUFF-BOX.

AMONG his Italian court gossip, Dutens has a good story of an incident which happened to a young English nobleman who was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies of Naples by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend—"There," said he, "that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box which was stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is not he a sharper?" "Take care," said the other, "that is a man of the first quality." "I do not care for his quality," said the Englishman; "I must have my snuff-box again; I'll go and ask him for it." "Pray," said his friend, "be quiet, and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came; and, as he entered, "There," said he, "I have brought you your snuff-box." "Well," said the Englishman, "how did you obtain it?" "Why," said the Neapolitan nobleman, "I did not wish to make any noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket of it."

FLUTE PLAYING.

LORD BROUGHAM, in his Life of Priestley, lets us into the secret, perhaps, of the general prevalence of bad flute playing in the world. Priestley, we are told, sought relaxation from music, and learned to play on the flute, in which there would have been nothing amiss had he not taken pains strongly to recommend the habit to students, especially, he adds, with a charming simplicity, to such as have no fine ear, "for they will be the less annoyed by bad music!"

HARD STUDY AND GOOD HEALTH.

HARD study is generally thought to be adverse to health; and, conversely, unhealthy students are thought, or think themselves, to be identical with hard students. Paleness of countenance, nervous weakness and headaches are cultivated or affected, because they are supposed to indicate superior intellectual gifts. Dangerous fallacy which has cost many a good fellow his life! No man, or woman either, ever killed himself or herself with hard study. Not a bit of it; but many a lazy fellow, fond of intellectual occupation, with physical inaction, has fallen a victim to disordered digestion and crazed nerves, all the time laboring under the grievous mistake that he was one of those favorites of the gods who die young, because they are of too ethereal a temper to stand the rude shock of such a miserable world as this! Why, the world is a brave world—worthy to be the dwelling-place of the noblest creatures God ever made! It is too good for the simpleton who does not know how to take care of himself; who mistakes neglect of body for culture of mind; who goes moping and moaning about, because his breakfast sits uneasily upon his weakened stomach, thinking it to be the proof that he is too delicate or too refined for the hardships of human condition. Up, man, dreamer, fool; go plunge into the health-giving, joy-inspiring waves of yonder ocean, while summer lasts; take a cold shower-bath in winter. Walk long distances, if you have the time; swing the dumb-bells if you have not. Cold water, vigorous exercise, hard study—these are the conditions of moral, mental, and bodily health. All kinds of devils, as well as blue devils, flee before these mighty enchanters: even the leader of them all, the old Prince of Darkness, fears dumb-bells, cold water, and an active brain more than he did Martin Luther's inkstand.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

MISS EDGEWORTH justly considered the defense of the Edinburgh wit to be complete when he gave utterance to the lively and happy observation, "I do not care about the blueness of a lady's stockings if her petticoats are only long enough." It is the ostentation of knowledge, and not the knowledge itself which disgusts, and is doubly offensive when female aspirants are voluble upon subjects of which they understand little except perhaps the jargon. Pretension is repulsive where we look for reserve, and the woman purchases knowledge too dearly who exchanges for it the attributes which are the charm of her sex. Her native virtues are of more value than acquired learning. The Marchioness du Châtelet, who translated and annotated Newton's Principia, was one of these pedantic ladies, who studied science that it might minister to vanity; and Madame de Staël, the bedchamber-woman of the Duchess de Maine, well known by her lively memoirs, has handed down some traits of her character, which should scare away imitators, as the drunken slave scared Spartana from intoxication. She arrived on a visit at midnight the day before she had settled to come, occupied the bed of another lady who was hastily displaced, complained of her accommodation and tried a fresh room on the following night, and, still dissatisfied, inspected the whole of the house to be sure of securing the best apartment it contained. Thither she ordered to be carried half the furniture of the place, chose not to appear till ten o'clock at night, when she made her company less agreeable than her absence, by her arrogance and dictation; could endure no noise, lest her ideas should be disarranged; and, some ink being spilt upon a piece of her translation, raised more disturbance than Newton did himself when his store of invaluable manuscripts were burned. She complained that she found in her bedroom smoke without fire; and methinks, says Madame de Staël, it was the emblem of herself. She expected to excite homage, and provoked contempt. Her knowledge was doubted, her airs ridiculed, and she was not more hated than she was thoroughly despised.

SWEET-HEARTS AND WIVES.

YOU all are apt to complain (writes a lady, addressing her own sex) that lovers, when they become husbands, can not unite the two characters. You lay this mostly to the men's charge. Do you think it is their fault entirely? I am disposed to say no. I will tell you why. Before marriage, you take the greatest pains to elevate yourselves into goddesses, and desire to be worshiped accordingly. Men—especially those possessing superior intellectual qualities and refinement of nature—favor these views, and treat you as something nearer to heaven than themselves; and lo! no sooner has the honeymoon passed than your husbands discover, by imperceptible but sure degrees, that you are (though in a somewhat inferior ratio to themselves) of the "earth, earthy." Happy the woman who has the wit to contrive that, in her married life, the same halo shall surround her in her husband's eyes that existed before their union! The thing—in the intimacy of commonplace, everyday life—may be difficult, but is by no means impossible to achieve. Your own neglect of all those cares and arts by which you won the lover, causes commonly the early estrangement of the husband.

How frequent is the spectacle of neat, scrupulous maidens, who, when they become wives, neglect their personal appearance; and who, if asked why they do so, would answer, "Oh, I'm married!" showing plainly that their care and trimness formed no part of their natures, but was a trap, a cage, spread for the lure and destruction of men. Pretty Mrs. Spider! when your careful, finespun web caught the credulous fly, your object being effected, good-by to neatness, good looks, care, and refinement. What more had you in the world to do? Your unfortunate husband finds the very qualities which most likely influenced his choice have vanished, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and which, to paraphrase the poet, "leaves *but* a wreck behind."

"MARRIAGES AND MARRIAGES."

LET people prate as they will, the woman was never born yet who would not cheerfully and proudly give herself and her whole destiny into a worthy hand, at the right time, and under fitting circumstances; that is, when her whole heart and conscience accompanied and sanctified the gift. But marriage ought always to be a question, not of necessity, but choice. Every girl ought to be taught that a hasty, loveless union stamps upon her almost as foul dishonor as one of those connections which omit the legal ceremony altogether; and that, however pale, dreary, and toilsome a single life may be, unhappy married life must be ten-fold worse—an ever-haunting temptation, an incurable regret, a torment from which there is no escape but death.

HOW LOVE SHOULD THRIVE.

I DREAMED that love
Should steal upon the heart, like summer dawn
On the awakening world, soft, gradual;
First hailed and welcomed by the mountain-peaks,
The loftiest aspirations of the soul;
Then, slowly spreading downward o'er the slopes
Of intellectual intercourse, so flood
At length the very plains and vales of sense
With beauties of its sunshine; one by one
Kissing awake all spirit buds and flowers,
To pour their fragrance forth in gratitude.
I had forgot that perfect love like this
Could be the portion but of perfect souls!
I had forgot to estimate how far
My own heart fell below the standard raised
By my presumption, when I deemed its pulse
Should never quicken, save to one whose touch
First waked the highest, holiest chords that thrill
In heart of mortal; deemed I must be wooed
As angels woo, won as might angel be.

TOAD-WORSHIP.

THE practice, which seems so unaccountable, if it be once seriously thought upon, of worshiping some of the lower animals, was not unknown on the coast of Cumana, and their treatment of toads may be mentioned as a ludicrous instance of that kind of superstition. They held the toad to be, as they said, "the lord of the waters," and therefore they were very compassionate with it, and dreaded by any accident to kill a toad; though, as has been found the case with other idolaters, they were ready, in times of difficulty, to compel a favorable hearing from their pretended deities, for they were known to keep these toads with care under an earthen vessel, and to whip them with little switches when there was a scarcity of provisions and a want of rain. Another superstition worthy of note was, that when they hunted down any game, before killing it they were wont to open its mouth and introduce some drops of maize-wine, in order that its soul—which they judged to be the same as that of men—might give notice to the rest of its species of the good entertainment which it had met with, and thus lead them to think that if they came too they would participate in this kindly treatment.—*Helps's Spanish Conquest in America.*

NEVER DESPAIR.

MANY of our readers have heard the anecdote of the cool composure and resignation of Sir Isaac Newton, when his little dog overturned a lamp, and burned up his papers, the fruits of many years' labor. But they may not be so familiar with a similar anecdote of Audubon, when his valuable drawings had been destroyed by Norway rats.

Returning from Philadelphia, after an absence of several months, absorbed in the newly-found delights of home, he failed to inquire the fate of a certain wooden box, which, before his departure, he had intrusted to the care of a relative, with the strictest injunctions as to its safety. At last, on interrogation, this treasure was produced, the dearly-prized deposit of all his drawings, more cherished than a casket of rarest jewels. It was opened, and what was Audubon's dismay to perceive the misfortune which had befallen it! A pair of Norway rats, having taken possession and appropriated it, had reared there a whole party. A few gnawed bits of paper were the only remains of what, a few months before, had been a thousand marvelous representations of the curious inhabitants of the air. The shock of such a calamity was too much even for the fortitude of Audubon. Like an electric stroke, it thrilled his whole nervous system, and for some time caused the entire prostration of his physical powers. A burning heat rushed through his brain on the discovery—the discovery of the entire wreck of the result of all his efforts and his patience. For nights he could not sleep, and days were passed with listless apathy, till at length invigoration of mind and frame gradually, under kindly influences, returned. He once again took up his pencils, his note-book, and his gun, and went forth to the woods. Then, consoling himself with the reflection that he could make much better drawings than before, he persevered untiringly for three whole years, until his portfolio was replenished.

SONNET.

BY ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING.

SAY over again, and yet once over again,
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated
Should seem "a cuckoo song," as thou dost treat it;
Remember, never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain,
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed!
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain
Cry—speak once more—thou lovest! Who can fear
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll—
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll
The silver iterance! only minding, dear,
To love me also in silence—with thy soul.

A MUSIC LESSON.

A HIGHLAND PIPER, having a scholar to teach, disdained to crack his brains with the names of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers. "Here, Donald," said he, "tak' yer pipes, lad, and gie us a blast. So, verra weel blawn, indeed; but what's a sound, Donald, without sense? You may blaw forever without making a tune o't, if I dinna tell you how the queer things on the paper maun help you. You see that big fellow, wi' a round, open face (pointing to a semibreve, between two lines of a bar), he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat ane wi' your fist and gie a long blast; if, now, ye put a leg to him ye mak' twa o' him, and he'll move twice as fast; an' if ye black his face, he'll run four times faster than the fellow wi' the white face; but if, after blacking his face, ye'll bend his knee, or tie his leg, he'll hop eight times faster than the white-faced chap I showed you first. Now, whene'er you blaw your pipes, Donald, remember this—that the tighter those fellows' legs are tied, the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance."

HOW OUR ANCESTORS BRIBED ELECTORS.

THERE is a variety most creditable to English invention in the way in which our ancestors administered their bribes, says the *Quarterly Review*. At one place a mysterious person used to arrive with the cash, known as the "Man in the Moon," who approached at nightfall, and was at once met with, "What news from the moon?" This was a poetic form. Then there was the humorous form. "I'll lay you five guineas," said a celebrated canvasser in Fox's contest of 1784, "and stake the money in your own hands, that you will not vote for Mr. Fox." "Done!" says the free and independent, and wins his bet and bribe. Another playful plan was to buy the elector's canary at a price that would have been handsome for a bird of Paradise—a very pretty kind of bird fancying! Sometimes men showed perfect genius in availing themselves of professional advantages. Thus a military gentleman employed in the recruiting service once stood for Great Grimsby, and enlisted a majority of the voters for soldiers with a liberal bounty!

Such anecdotes as these constitute the literature of electioneering; and there is probably not a town or county in England where there is not an elderly gentleman with a small batch of them. In a contest a good many years ago in North Briton, one of the parties had strong reasons to suspect a particular voter of having taken a bribe—a considerable bribe, too—for votes were valuable. A sharp enemy resolved to make an attempt on him. Accordingly, as the man entered the poll, he whispered rapidly—"They're making a fule of ye, Jock; they are a' bad." "The scoundrels!" exclaimed the dupe; and down on the table he flung a batch of notes. They were impounded at once by the authorities, and the man's suffrage was invalidated.

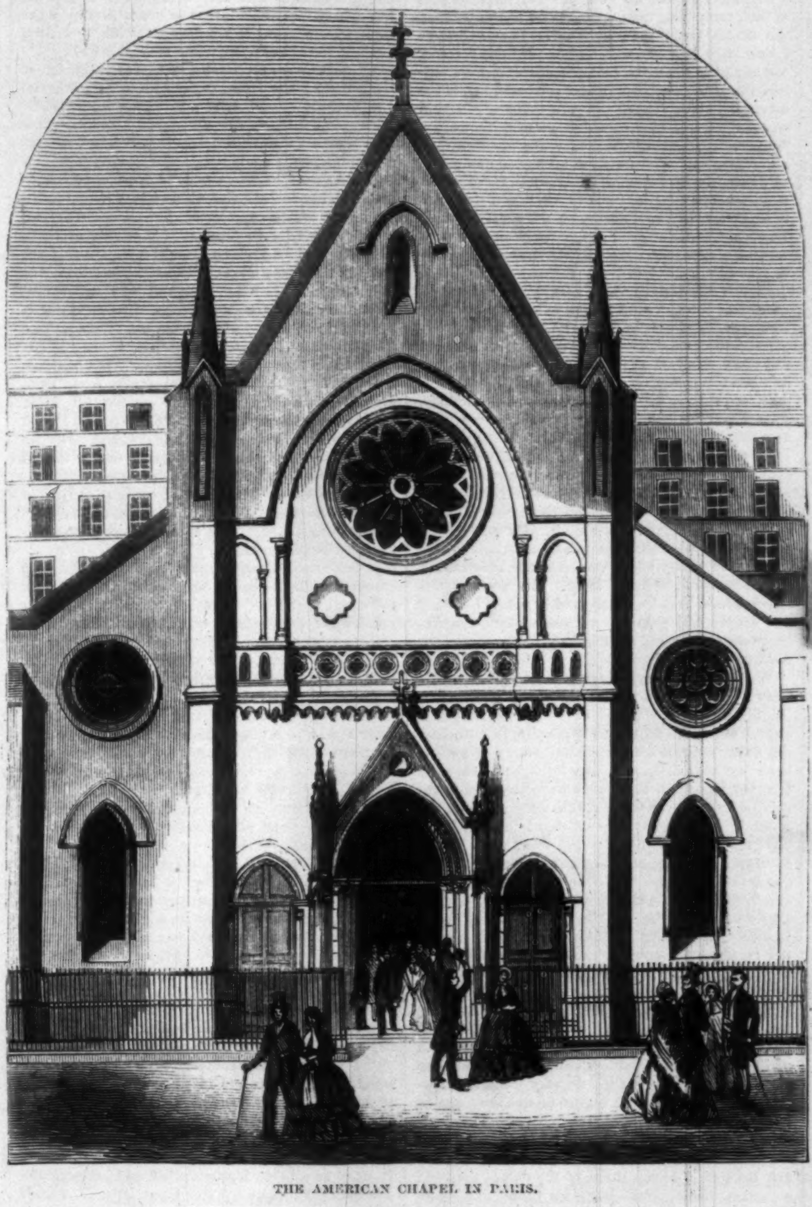
THE AMERICAN CHAPEL IN PARIS.

WE give on this page a cut of the newly-erected American Chapel at Paris. Those of our countrymen who have recently visited Paris, and the religious community at large, will be glad to see it.

This is, we learn, the first American place of worship ever erected in Europe. When the idea first suggested itself to the Americans in Paris and their friends in the American and Foreign Christian Union here, their attention was naturally directed to the English Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau. The owner—or, a party claiming to be owner—of that building gave them the refusal of it at a certain price; but after examining his title, and discovering that the British Embassy intended to contest it, Dr. Kirk, who was sent out to Paris to establish the church, preferred to erect a new building. A site was selected in the Rue de Berry, and a contract made with Mr. Salmon, a leading architect, for the erection of a suitable edifice. The whole cost, we believe, was under $50,000.

Some difficulties arose in the course of the work. The Government, in reply to an inquiry from the Americans in Paris, informed them that the American and Foreign Christian Union could not hold real estate in Paris. This was got over by placing the title in the name of the minister, Dr. Kirk, who gave a *contre lettre* to the Society. Another difficulty, which jarred against the religious scruples of the minister and his friends, was the reluctance of the French workmen to give up working on Sunday. To induce them to do so, Dr. Kirk agreed to pay them for being idle as if they had worked; thus the chapel was built without Sabbath-breaking.

The American Chapel in Paris is in every way creditable to the gentlemen and clergymen who have been instrumental in founding it. It is not sectarian; the services are to be such as to shock the opinions of no sect of Protestants; it will be the place of worship of many of our countrymen in Paris, and, with the English Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, and the Wesleyan Chapel, which has been established for many years, will fitly represent Anglo-Saxon Protestantism.



THE AMERICAN CHAPEL IN PARIS.

THE YELLOW FEVER AT LISBON.

NEW YORK has so recently recovered from a yellow fever panic that the subject is still generally interesting, and we therefore draw attention to the picture given below, which represents a procession of the Lisbon clergy, in atonement of the sins which are supposed to have brought upon the city the late fearful yellow fever epidemic.

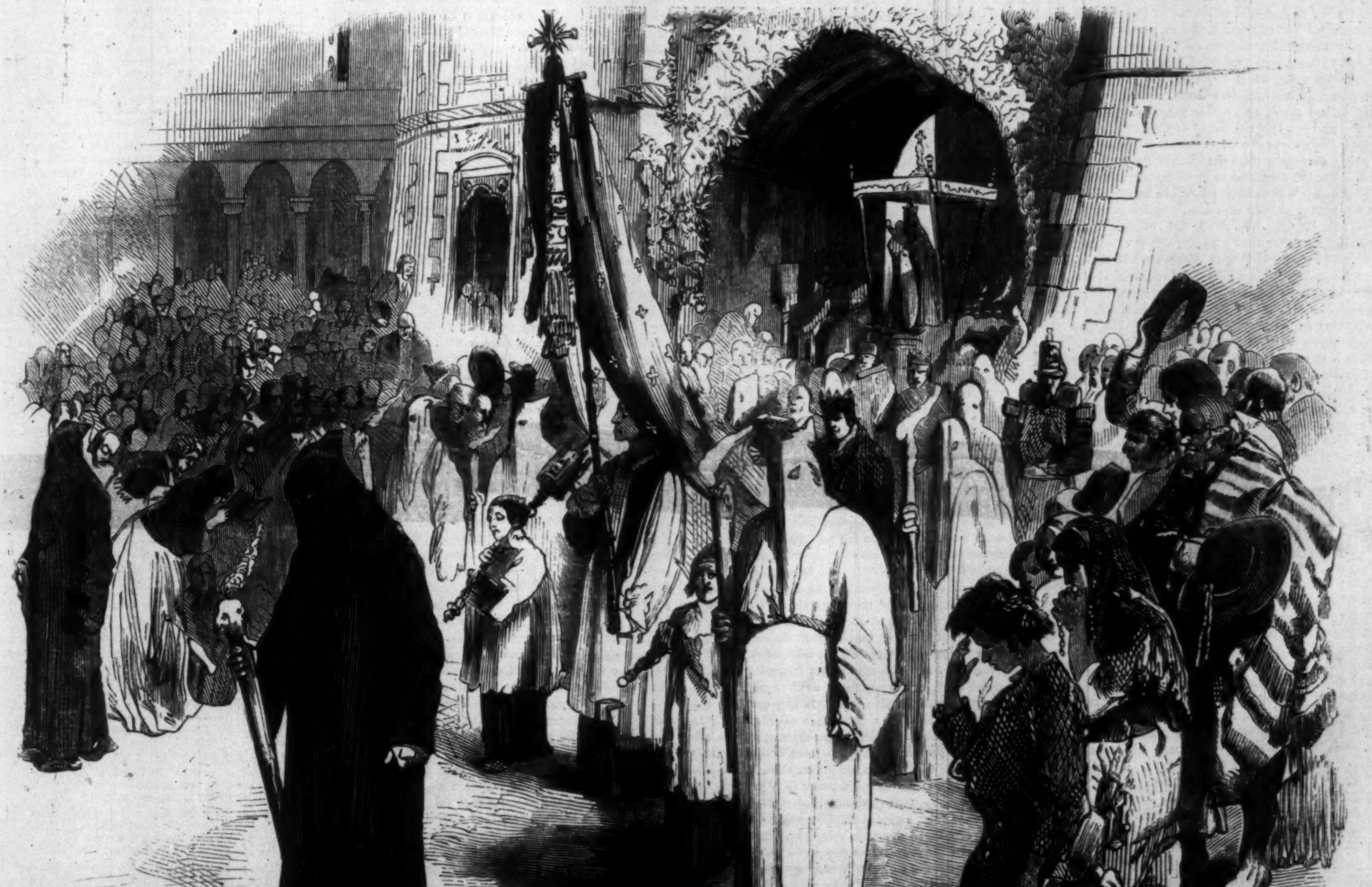
It was in September last that the yellow fever broke out at Lisbon. It is supposed to have been brought to Portugal by a ship from Brazil, which is the more readily believed as the first persons who were attacked were the director and officers of the custom-house. From the custom-house the epidemic spread to the adjacent streets, which are chiefly devoted to business offices and cheap lodging-houses; and from thence it gained the higher parts of the city, ravaging palace and cottage with the same severity. Lisbon is so dirty a city, as a general rule, that it is not surprising that, notwithstanding the rigorous measures which were at once taken to cleanse and purify the streets, the epidemic should have made fearful progress before any thing was achieved toward checking it. Over eight thousand persons are said to have died, among them several of the nobility, the higher ranks of the clergy, and the professions. The bulk of the wealthier population, to the number of thirty or forty thousand, took refuge at Cintra, a beautiful and healthy retreat some twenty miles from Lisbon, and beyond the reach of the disease. But the young King, to his honor be it said, has vied with the physicians in his fearless exposure to the danger. He has visited the hospitals almost daily; pressing the hands of the sick and the dying, and comforting all with kindly and generous words. One evening Dom Pedro, the King, was on his way to the opera; suddenly calling to the driver, he bade him turn about and drive to the hospital. Attended by a single servant he walked through each ward, and spoke to many of the sick persons, promising among other things that their families should be cared for if they died. At one bedside he found a city physician feeling a man's pulse with kid gloves on.

"Sir," said the King, with great severity, "take off your gloves—we are not at a ball."

Dom Fernando, the King's father and regent, has been equally prominent in works of charity and kindness.

The clergy, acting upon the belief that all epidemics are special visitations from the Deity which may be averted by ecclesiastical intercession, have organized repeated public processions to propitiate the favor of the tutelar saints of Lisbon. The oldest priest takes the lead, and is followed by numbers of penitents singing penitential hymns. The processions are grand and imposing, and the spectacle, as they pass through the silent and awe-struck city, with people on either side kneeling in respect, is very striking. It is such a spectacle which is portrayed below.

The latest news from Lisbon is that the fever



PENITENTIAL PROCESSION AT LISBON DURING THE YELLOW FEVER.

has passed its climax and is rapidly disappearing from the city.

The Spanish Peninsula has been twice visited by yellow fever during the present century. In 1803–5 most of the cities of Spain suffered severely; Malaga was positively depopulated. In 1819 the disease reappeared, and Cadiz and other ports were severely attacked.

A BABY VALENTINE.

BY THE LATE MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

TO LITTLE ERNEST.

THEY all are writing Valentines—
Mamma and Ellen too;
And even May a lover has—
Suppose I write to *you?*

They tell me *I* had only left
My home of joy above
A month or two, and lighted here—
A messenger of love—

When *you* came down—a cherub wight,
With glance of heavenly glee;
Perhaps, my friend (oh, am I right?),
You came to look for *me!*

At all events, don't give your heart—
Your precious heart—away
Until you've met, and *tried* to love,
Your little Fanny Fay.

February 14, 1847.

MODERN GHOSTS.

WE invite the attention of the impartial reader to some anecdotes which have struck us as sufficiently remarkable to induce us to rescue them from the fate attending all oral tradition, *i. e.*, amplification and distortion. They are simple and circumstantial statements, the actors in which may be relied on as trustworthy witnesses.

Mrs. A——, a lady who has well earned her world-wide reputation, related to us the following anecdote, herself. She had been spending a summer's day with a party of friends among some ruins, whence they adjourned to the mansion of a Quaker gentleman in the neighborhood, where they all dined. During dinner, some one asked whether the ruins were haunted, when Mrs. A—— observed that the various members of their host's family looked grave, and the son, a young man who sat near her, was beginning to explain, but his father sternly reproved him for vain talking, and the conversation dropped. But woman's curiosity was naturally excited, and when they adjourned to the garden after dinner, Mrs. A—— questioned the young man as to the inhibited story. "The fact is," he replied, "we have a ghost in our village, or are supposed to have one, and it has been the cause of a great deal of gossip lately. The story is a strange one. Many years ago a carter, John ——, whose cottage you see yonder there, gleaming through the trees, 'kept company' with a girl in the village; but as neither of them had any money, she prudently accepted a well-to-do Londoner who came down to these parts, married him, and disappeared until last year, when she returned a rich widow, on a visit to her friends. John, who had never left his native place, and never taken unto himself a wife, revived the old flame in the widow's heart, and in the course of a short time they were married. It was necessary that she should go back to London after the wedding to wind up her affairs there (I believe it was the sale of certain houses, in which her property chiefly consisted), before returning to her new home. She never did return. She was missing for some time; no one knew what had become of her, until it was discovered that she had been murdered, no doubt for her money, as she was known to have had a large sum upon her, which the sale of her houses had realized. John benefited in no way by her death. He was soberly sorry for that event, but nothing would induce him to go up to London, in the prosecution of justice, whereat the neighbors were somewhat scandalized. Perhaps he thought that the same fate that had befallen his poor wife awaited him in the great Babylon. 'What good could he do? He couldn't call her back to life. No, decidedly, he wouldn't go to London.' But whether this preyed upon his mind, or from whatever other cause, all his friends could not [illegible] to remark that John grew thinner every day, and seemed ill at ease. They questioned him, and at last he confessed that he can get no sleep, on account of his wife, who, every night, came and stood at the foot of his bed. She said nothing, but there she remained looking at him; and he seemed to take it very ill of her. He would not mind it in the daytime, he said, if she came and stood by him while he was at work, but it was very hard that she could not let him sleep in peace at night. All this happened some months ago, but John persists in saying that his ghostly visitant still comes to him occasionally, and the excitement in the village upon this subject is consequently kept up. Of course the neighbors declare they have seen the ghost, and the belief in it is universal." "I should very much like to see this John, and have a talk with him," said Mrs. A——. "Could we go down to his cottage?" "I am afraid he will be away at this hour, but we can try." And a party of five, three besides Mrs. A—— and her young host, walked to the cottage, which was about a quarter of a mile distant.

It was then between seven and eight o'clock; a clear summer's evening. Mrs. A—— described John's dwelling as forming one of a row of three or four cottages, having small gardens, of some ten or twelve yards in length, between them and the road, and a separate little wicket to each. While the young man went up to the door to see if John was at home, Mrs. A—— and her three companions remained outside the wicket. The door was locked. John was evidently out, and had given the key to a neighbor, as was his custom; but to make sure of this, the young man went round to the back of the cottage to try the other door. It was then, as I have said, still perfectly light. He was scarcely out of sight, when the four persons who were outside the gate saw the figure of a woman inside the cottage, passing slowly by the window—a thin woman, dressed in a cotton gown of a lilac color, her profile turned toward them; this was how they all subsequently described the figure they saw there, so distinctly and unmistakably, that there was a simultaneous exclamation of "Oh! you see there *is* some one in the cottage, so we shall get in." But a minute afterward the young man returned. As he had expected, the back door was locked, showing the cottage to be empty. Impossible! they had just seen some one inside. The neighbor who had charge of the key was then applied to; the door was opened, and every corner of the cottage explored—in vain. It consisted of only three rooms, and there was but one other exit, which was fastened on the inside. It was, therefore, equally impossible that any one could have entered or left the cottage without being seen by the four persons who now felt so eagerly anxious to solve this mystery. They questioned the neighbors as to the personal appearance of the murdered woman, and it tallied precisely in the particulars above-mentioned with the figure they had seen. On the minds of three of its witnesses that strange event produced a powerful effect; the fourth, a young artist, who had turned the whole story into ridicule beforehand, still endeavored to laugh it off. But we have reason to know that he subsequently confessed himself deeply and painfully impressed by an occurrence which he could neither deny, nor reason upon, nor explain away.

We have very few observations to offer on this story. Two things will strike every one as distinguishing it from the generality of supernatural experiences: the fact of its happening in still clear daylight, and the concurrent testimony of no less than four witnesses. It may be objected that the imaginations of these persons were prepared to receive what they went "out into the wilderness for to see." But we have shown that in one, at least, the predisposition was quite the other way; and it is remarkable that, *at the moment*, they none of them connected the figure with the rumor belonging to the house, or were in any way disconcerted at its appearance. These are the simple facts. Some readers will account for them, no doubt, in a manner highly satisfactory to themselves, and we willingly leave in their hands the solution of a mystery which we confess ourselves unable to explain.

Tales of "foreshadowings" and "warnings" are not uncommon among us, and, as a striking example of coincidence between the phantasmagoria of the brain and a contemporary event (such we are disposed to consider it), we may mention a singular circumstance that happened not long ago in Dorsetshire to the wife of Major B——. That gentleman was awoke in the middle of the night by his wife's terrified inquiry as to whether he saw any thing? "There, there, at the foot of the bed! —James, the coachman, with his throat cut—staring at me!—can't you see him?" Her nervous terror increasing, Major B—— got up, lit a candle, and searched the room—of course in vain. His wife was now tranquilized in a degree, though still by no means convinced that what she had beheld was simply an effect of the imagination. You may guess in what light she regarded it when, the following morning, she and her husband were roused by the intelligence that the coachman had actually been found in bed with his throat cut! It may be supposed that Mrs. B—— knew the poor fellow to be in low spirits, and that a dread of this calamity preyed on her mind and haunted her dreams. It does not appear that such was the case. We believe that no apprehension of the kind existed in the household. But among the many thousand presentiments, omens, and warning-dreams that bear no fruit, it is enough that one, as in this case, shall seem to have direct connection with the *actual*, for us to regard it as a spiritual manifestation in our behalf. The Emperor Napoleon's death was predicted for this year: had it come to pass, the chance hit of a false prophet would have counted as the bull's-eye of a true one. The terrible dreams our friend Smith relates over the breakfast-table happily remain unrealized; and Jones returned in rude health from Jerusalem, though he confided to us when he embarked that the figure of Death on a portmanteau had appeared to him on the preceding night. We can not accept such instances as the above, therefore, in any other light than as remarkable coincidences.

But distinct from these again, and to be approached with bated breath, as too solemn for discussion, however skeptical we may be, are the many stories on record (that of Lord T—— is among the best known) of spirits appearing to the objects of a strong attachment at the moment of dissolution, though absent from them in the flesh. There is something profoundly touching in this idea of the soul on its passage from its earthly tenement, flying toward the beloved object, lingering around that one spot, and struggling, as it were, to retain the only link that still holds it to this earth. We know too little of the mysteries of our being to deny that this is possible; perhaps our eyes are darkened to such spiritual presence when our hearts are yearning toward the absent on the battle-fields of India! The apostles of Mesmer may very plausibly assume, regarding the stories of such appearances, that the powerful influence of animal magnetism, exercised over the spirit, is able to draw it toward the magnetizer at the extreme hour—and by an unconscious effort, it may be, on his part—the intense *sehnsucht* of the Germans. We do not advance this as a theory of our own; for, of course, upon the principle with which we started, these experiences of highly excited imaginations can not be received as facts: we do no more than touch on them.

We now come to a tale of a very different complexion, the scene of which should be a "moated grange" rather than a prosaic dwelling among the dingy streets of London. I am sorry I may not indicate more particularly the house in which the events I am about to record took place, as it is a locality well known, by name at least, to all.

Captain C—— received a lucrative appointment some three years since, attached to which was the disagreeable condition of a residence in the heart of the city. He was lately married, and after the honeymoon he and his bride removed to their future home, bent on making that gloomy abode as cheerful as might be. It had one spare bedroom, which was to be dedicated to the use of Mrs. C——'s father, an officer commanding at ——, during his occasional visits to London. The first of these visits took place shortly after the C——s had arrived in their new house. The old gentleman was inducted into his room, which it was understood he was to occupy for some weeks. The next morning, however, he appeared grave and silent, and after breakfast he said to his daughter—

"I have been thinking, my dear, that perhaps it is hardly right that I should remain away from my command. I am not quite comfortable about it. It is, fortunately, so near London that I can run up and see you whenever I like, and back the same day; but I think it is better that I should not be absent at night, so I shall return to-day."

Captain C—— and his wife were surprised at this sudden whim of her father's, but all their arguments to persuade him to remain were unavailing, and he departed.

A few weeks after this a young Swiss lady, with whom Mrs. C—— had been educated abroad, came to England, and her first visit naturally was to her old friend. She came, after the manner of her sex, accompanied by sundry boxes, indicative of a lengthened stay, and the spare room seemed now sure of an occupant for some time. But the morning after her arrival she set out to Kensington to visit some friends there, and two or three hours later Mrs. C—— received a note from her, saying, that as her friends had pressed her to remain with them, she had promised to do so, and would thank Mrs. C—— to send her boxes. The latter felt naturally indignant at such extraordinary conduct, and was for giving the young lady "her mind" on paper, when Captain C—— observed—

"There is more than meets the eye in this, I feel sure. This is the second time it has happened. Do you remember the sudden way in which your father left us? Perhaps there is something disagreeable about the room—a drain, or a dead rat—which drives away our guests in this manner. Let me advise you to go yourself *with* the boxes, and ask Miss ——, frankly, the reason of her leaving you in this way, as, of course, there *must* be a reason."

Mrs. C—— acted on her husband's advice, and the young lady, after some hesitation, said—

"I will candidly confess to you that nothing would ever induce me to pass another night in that room. What I suffered it is not in the power of words to describe. I will, however, try and give you an idea of what I saw. I put out my candle last night carefully before getting into bed. It stood on a table facing the bed and between the windows; I feel quite sure I put it out. I suppose it was about the middle of the night that I suddenly started up, feeling a cold wind near my face, and dimly conscious that there was a bright light in the room. The candle opposite was burning; that, however, was not what lit up the room. Between the candle and the bed stood a figure, a dark shadow, and yet, horrible to say! its spine appeared to be of fire; the candle was dim beside it. I could not scream; I was choking, without power to utter a sound, while the figure bent over me, and seemed about to encircle me in its shadowy grasp. I had just strength to draw the coverlet quickly over my head and crouch down under the clothes. There I lay gasping, trembling, with eyes tight shut, though I need hardly say, sleepless, until morning. I have told you all. Are you surprised now when I say I had rather do any thing on earth than pass another night in that room?"

Upon Mrs. C——'s return home she wrote to her father, simply begging him to let her know whether there was any reason which he had not named to her for his sudden departure from their house, some weeks before, as she had a very particular reason for the inquiry. Her father, in his answer, said he had not breathed on the subject to any one, nor should he have named it now but for his daughter's urgent request. As she wished it, however, he would confess that he had never passed such a night in his life as the one spent under her roof. Whereupon he described, in almost identical terms, the apparition which had produced such an effect on Mrs. C——'s young friend. Here was a hale man, of vigorous mind, and by no means imaginative, as his daughter knew, corroborating a girl's statement, which Captain C—— naturally enough had regarded as foolish and fanciful. It was passing strange: it must be looked to: and he and half a dozen of his friends in turn tried their fate in the haunted room, with varied success. To some the spirit of the place appeared in much the same form as it had done to the two first occupants of that chamber. For others, and Captain C—— among the number, it was invisible. But no additional evidence in this case would be of much importance. The room already enjoyed the reputation of being haunted; and the imaginations of its occupants were stimulated in a particular direction. It must be remembered that in the first two instances there was not only no rumor of this nature to put them on the *qui vive*, but the whole aspect of the room, as well as its position in the heart of the noisy, bustling city, was ill calculated to inspire terrors of a ghostly nature. Once inspired, however, they were not so easy to be allayed. Several of the workmen on the premises took fright, and struck work. All Captain C——'s efforts to account for or throw discredit on the tale which had got wind in connection with his house were ineffectual. They only brought to light another tale which was almost forgotten, that a murder had been committed in that room many years ago, since when it had never been inhabited.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

DR. SOUTH says, "The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be hanged up both together—the former by the tongue, the latter by the ear."

"How did you like that clam song?" asked an old lady of her daughter, as they stepped with the crowd out into the open air after a popular concert. "Clam song!" exclaimed the young lady, in astonishment; "why, what do you refer to, mother?" "Why, the first one he sung." "Oh, you mean 'Shells of the Ocean,' don't you, mother?" "Well, yes," said the old lady, "I do think that was it; it was something about clams, any way, and you know I like clams so well! Didn't you like it?"

The most astonishing instance of a man's regard for his word was recently given by a man who killed his wife, whom he did not like. When asked "why he didn't go off and leave her instead of killing her," he replied, jocosely, that "he had promised on the wedding-day to live with her until death should part them, and that he wasn't the man to break his word!"

How much of character lies in a laugh! It is, in fact, the cipher key, oftentimes, wherewith we decipher a man. As a late writer observes: "You know no man until you have heard him laugh—till you know how and when he will laugh. There are occasions—there are humors—when a man with whom we have been long familiar will quite startle us by breaking out into a laugh, which comes manifestly right from the heart, and yet which we had never heard before. And so, in many a heart a sweet angel slumbers unseen, until some happy moment awakens it.

Dr. M—— coming out of a coffee-house, J—— C——, a perfect stranger to him, begged him to lend him five guineas. "Sir," said the Doctor, "I am surprised that you should apply to me for such a favor, who do not know you!" "Oh, dear Sir," replied J——, "it is for that very reason; for those who *do* won't lend me a farthing."

"Hallo, my friend, I see you are losing flesh." (*Old Gentleman, indignant at the familiarity of his supposed friend, sputtering most fearfully.*) "W—what? losing flesh! you impudent scoundrel! I'll let you know, Sir, I'm not, Sir. I, Sir, last night, Sir, was weighed, Sir, and had gained ten pounds, Sir. Very pretty state of affairs, if a person has to be insulted in this manner!" "Well, my friend, all that I can say is, if you look behind you will find it to be true." (*Old Gent. discovers a small dog making a violent assault on his market basket.*)

There is a lady in New York who will not permit her children to eat any thing of which Indian meal constitutes an ingredient, for fear it will make them savage. She must be the same lady who would not let her children eat spinach, for fear it would make them green.

The man who was "filled with emotion" hadn't room for his dinner.

When is a horse not worth a shilling?—When it's worth less (worthless).

"Don't rob yourself," as the farmer said to the lawyer who called him hard names.

A rather thick-headed witness in the police-court was asked the question whether So-and-So stood on the defensive? "No, Sir," he innocently replied, "he stood on a bench."

LOVE MORALS.—A sweet heart is sometimes companion to a bitter tongue.—Crosses in love are better than strokes in matrimony.—They who court for gold more than a wife will be fortunate if they have not to count more disappointments than sovereigns.

BRUTE *versus* BIPED.

I saw a damsel holding by a string
A little puppy, who, disposed to stray,
Checked at restraint and made a frequent spring,
In effort vain to tear himself away.
But yet the more he strove the more he choked,
Until he deemed his conduct wouldn't pay,
And moved along as though he were provoked,
And held his head down in a sullen way.
My soul was touched the emblem thus to see
Of life's too frequent scene, where, day by-day,
Strings clog the spirit's elasticity
And kill the willingness that would obey.
Men, like the puppy, follow at a word,
But try to drag them and their dander's stirred.

Reventlow, the notorious Danish mnemonical artist, published a work containing the rules and principles of his system of memory. A man bought the book, and after he had studied it a year, he held himself to be entirely initiated and lent it to a friend, but on the next morning could not remember to whom it was lent.

Aristotle, speaking of the subjects of imitation, observes that men must be represented either as they are, or better, or worse; and gives instances of painters, then of poets. Homer, he says, has made men better, other poets worse, others again as they are. In this very thing lies the difference between Tragedy and Comedy; for comedy endeavors to represent men worse, and tragedy better than they are.

Among writers of tragedy Sophocles was the first that did not act his own plays, having but a weak and unharmonious voice. He introduced three actors upon the stage, which critics imagined sufficient to be brought together in conversation in one scene; for more, they supposed, would occasion embarrassment and confusion.

Rabelais tells us that Nero was a fiddler in the infernal regions, and that Trajan was an angler. That Shakspeare was a reader of Rabelais may be proved from the following extract from King Lear, Act III.:

"EDG. Fraterretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness."

Muggins says Job's turkey was fat compared with an old gobbler he shot last week on the Devil's Fork. That was so light it lodged in the air, and he had to get a pole to knock it down!

At his boarding-house the other night Jenkins's landlady complained that something stopped the nose of the tea-pot, as it would not pour. Jenkins suggested that he had observed it growing very weak lately, and he presumed it was unable to run any longer. "Madam," said Jenkins, the next evening, "if I see proper to help myself to this milk, is there any impropriety in it?" "I don't know what you mean; but if you mean to insinuate that there is any thing nasty in that milk, I'll give you to understand that you've struck the wrong house! There ain't a first hair in the milk; for as soon as Dorothy Ann told me the cat was drowned in it, I went and strained it over!" The horrified young man declined partaking.

The art of kissing is daintily expressed in the following little poem:

Kiss me, darling! when I kiss you
Kiss me back and back again!
Lips are only rosy petals,
Kisses drops of fragrant rain!

Where's the harm, then? I could give you
Reasons, dear! for every one,
Only that I may not tell them
In the broad and garish sun.

Take, at least, I think, a sweet one!
And I know you'll think with me,
'Tis the Scripture:—"Do to others
What thou'dst have them do to thee."

That was a wise nigger, who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said, "Dat ar' pends altogedder how dey enjoy demselves."

Not a thousand miles from Oneida County, a coroner's jury lately rendered a verdict that a certain deceased man "came to this death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Feb.* 8, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port, continuing in the course of contraction we have noticed during the past few weeks, compares as follows with the corresponding week of last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Feb. 6, 1858	$2,213,846....	$1,347,316
Corresponding week, 1857	6,411,241....	1,242,446
Decrease	$4,197,395	
Increase		$104,870

The export of specie last week fell but little short of three millions, and the banks will probably show a slight decrease. Money, however, continues to be superabundant, and can be had readily at 6 @ 5 per cent. Stocks continue to improve, and the public begins to purchase more freely.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, February* 8, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week exhibited more general animation. Breadstuffs arrived rather sparingly, while the leading kinds, especially Flour and Corn were in good request, closing with increasing firmness in prices....Cotton was pretty freely dealt in at advancing rates....Provisions were in fair demand, and the tendency of the market was mainly in favor of sellers....Rio Coffee, New Orleans Molasses, and Rice attracted more attention at improved quotations, while other kinds of Groceries were in pretty good demand at uniform figures....Naval Stores were brisker and dearer, with less offering....Spices were more sought after, and prices favored sellers....Tobacco was quiet at old rates....Wool was moderately dealt in, and Domestic Pulled increased in value....The week's import of Dry Goods amounted to $1,611,6 8 against $4,156,018 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $4,477,772 against $14,542,494 same time in 1857....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 15	@	$4 55
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 15	@	4 40
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 40	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 30	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel ..	4 15	@	6 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ..	4 50	@	7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 75
Corn Meal, per barrel................	3 00	@	3 50
White Wheat, per bushel..............	1 10	@	1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel................	1 00	@	1 20
New Crop Corn, per bushel	64	@	67
Rye, per bushel	70	@	—
Barley, per bushel...................	70	@	80
Western Oats, per bushel	44	@	45
State Oats, per bushel...............	41	@	43
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	33	@	39
Southern Oats, per bushel............	27	@	35
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	10¼	@	11¼
Mess Pork, per barrel................	15 25	@	15 50
Prime Pork, per barrel...............	12 00	@	12 25
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	9 00	@	10 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	6 00	@	7 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	18 00	@	24 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	15 00	@	17 50
Cut Meats, per pound.................	6	@	8¼
Lard, per pound......................	9	@	9¼
State Butter, per pound..............	13	@	24
Western Butter, per pound	11	@	15
Cheese, per pound....................	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds.................	2 75	@	3 62½
Rio Coffee, per pound................	8¼	@	11¼
Cuba Sugar, per pound	4¼	@	7
Cuba Molasses, per gallon............	17	@	23
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	4¼	@	7
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	28	@	30
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound...............	30	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	21	@	21¼
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds.............	50	@	70
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound........	5	@	10
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound..........	6¼	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound.........	9	@	35
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton.........	100 00	@	110 00
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	140 00	@	165 00
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	27	@	45
American pulled Wool, per pound ...	20	@	32
Pot Ashes, per 100 pounds...........	6 00	@	—
Pearl Ashes, per 100 pounds	6 12½	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	45	@	46

Freights were pretty brisk. Shipowners were getting full rates.

Stock of several Articles on hand, in New York, about February 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	825	2,100
Coffee, packages................	106,357	91,979
Cotton, bales	89,979	10,020
Hemp, tons......................	50	550
Hemp, bales.....................	17,141	20,482
Hides, number	34,500	357,883
Leather, Sole, sides	19,300	340,950
Molasses, hogsheads	1,963	1,075
Molasses, barrels...............	835	1,811
Pork, barrels	14,831	9,992
Beef, tierces and barrels.......	21,672	27,723
Rice, tierces	5,835	6,584
Rice, bags......................	2,700	4,629
Sugars, hogsheads	6,835	7,962
Sugars, boxes...................	18,171	4,760
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads.......	5,547	3,967
Tobacco, Crude, bales...........	3,350	6,480
Tobacco, Manufactured, packages	37,190	41,244

The Live Stock Markets were moderately supplied with Beeves last Wednesday, and as a pretty active inquiry prevailed, prices exhibited somewhat greater firmness....There was continued dullness in the trade in Milch Cows....Veal Calves were less freely offered, and were in demand at full rates....Sheep and Lambs were also less abundant, and, with a good inquiry, prices ruled firm....Swine were in fair supply and good request at firmer quotations....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *Jan. 27.*	Week ending *Feb. 3.*
Beeves.....................	2,739	3,067
Milch Cows	203	116
Veal Calves................	312	382
Sheep and Lambs	6,879	5,674
Swine......................	1,480	2,102

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Ohio...............	693	Kentucky..........	185
New York..........	639	Indiana............	121
Illinois............	363	Texas..............	78

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound ..	$ 6	@	$ 11¼
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	8
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	2 00	@	8 00
" " per pound.........	7	@	11
Live Swine, per pound..............	4¼	@	5¼
Dressed " "	5¼	@	7

The Country Produce Markets are moderately active, and prices are firm for most kinds of produce. Apples and potatoes bring a slight advance on previous quotations.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel.................	$2 50	@	$4 75
Apples, dried, per pound...........	5¼	@	7¼
Peaches, dried, per pound	17	@	19
Plums, dried, per pound............	18	@	19
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 25
Chestnuts, per bushel..............	2 00	@	2 25
Peanuts, per bushel	70	@	1 00
Cranberries, per barrel............	7 00	@	11 00
Potatoes, per barrel...............	1 75	@	3 75
" per bushel................	65	@	1 00
" sweet, per barrel.........	4 50	@	5 00
Onions, per barrel	1 25	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel................	25	@	50
Squashes, per barrel	2 25	@	2 50
Pumpkins, per 100	25 00	@	30 00
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Cabbages, per 100	2 00	@	4 50
" Red, per dozen	75	@	1 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@	1 25
Carrots, per barrel................	1 25	@	1 50
Leeks, per 100.....................	3 00	@	4 00
Celery, per dozen	50	@	75
Garlic, per 100	5 00	@	—
Eggs, Limed, per dozen.............	10¼	@	11
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	14¼	@	15
Chickens, per pound................	11	@	13
Fowls, per pound...................	10	@	14
Guinea Fowl, per pair..............	44	@	50
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And a small white-fingered hand,

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